

FEBRUARY 3 — 9,

1979

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En Vogue Weekly

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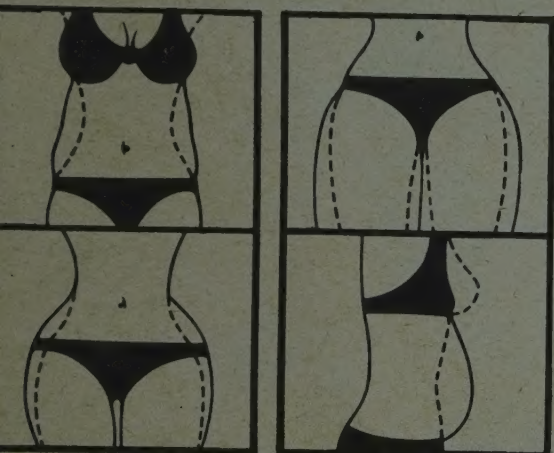
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KE BERGER explains SYNO-METRICS TM...the new EASY speed method for a lean stomach.

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The Science of SYNOMETRICS

I later learned the scientific reason for this amazing result. It's called SYNE-GISM — meaning that when you combine two methods the result is greater than both of them sepa-

ately. I now called my new discovery SYNOMETRICS and developed a special exercise unit I call the SPEED SHAPER. And that's just what it is...a speed method to give you results in minutes. NOT hours! Now...build yourself a "strong body" with the incredible SYNOMETRICS—the invention that works on the exciting new scientific concept of ISOTONIC + ISOMETRICS.

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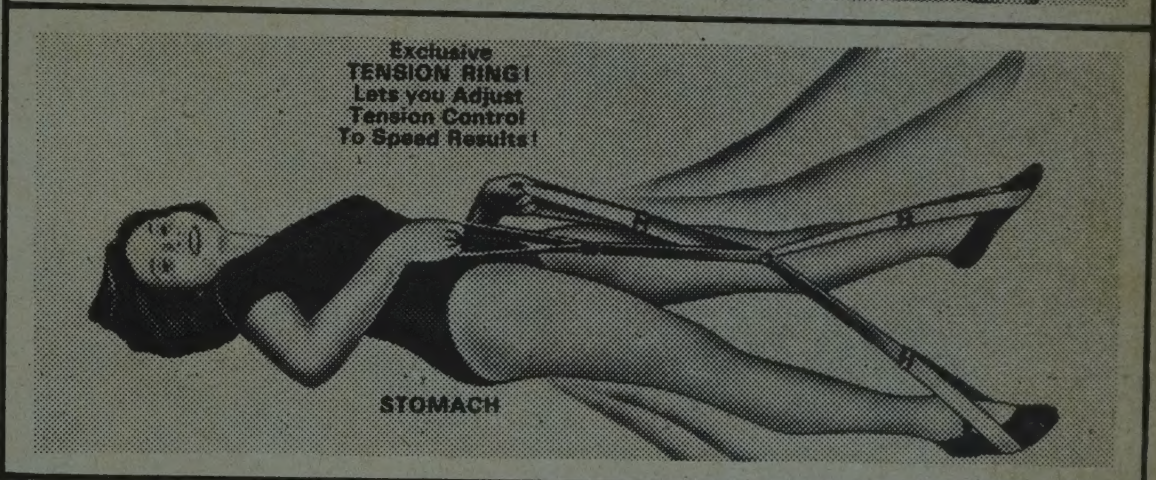
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KIRAT SINGH-RABIER

Born in New Delhi. Childhood interests sports, swimming and designing clothes. Achieved life ambition of making a hit in fashion world of Paris. Married to French aeronautical engineer. Lives in Paris, "the most stimulating city of Europe". Plans to continue modelling as long as she can. Later will open boutique for exclusive Indian garments and hand-crafted accessories.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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THIS WEEK

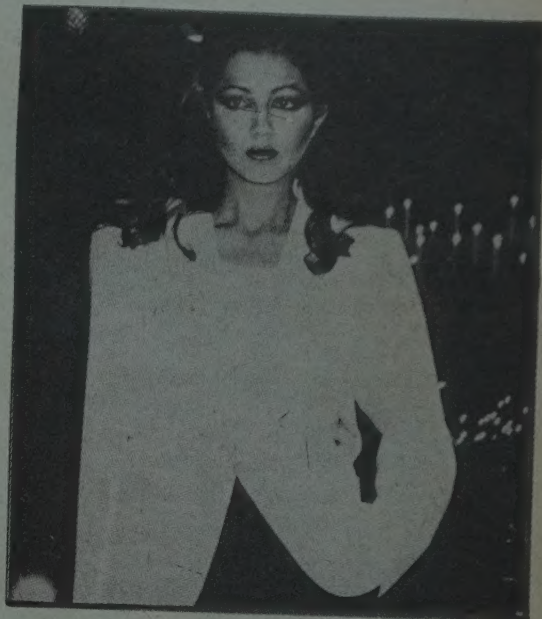
FEBRUARY 3 — 9, 1979

MAKING IT TO HIGH FASHION MODELLING

Star model at the recent Yves Saint-Laurent show in Bombay and one of the sought after models in the international fashion world, Kirat Singh-Rabier was ranked number 1 model in Paris for the 1978 season. The story of her success.

Page 10.

A glimpse of the YSL Collection
Page 26.



WOMEN IN THE THIRD WORLD

Could it be that the pattern of change — or modernization — has made things almost consistently worse, instead of better, for women? A thought-provoking analysis.

Page 12.

CONSUMER AWARENESS

Beginning a new monthly column which will examine subjects of consumer interest based on interviews with manufacturers, quality control authorities and the Consumer Guidance Society.

Page 14.

WORKING WIVES

The number of middle and upper middle class women going out to work seems to be on the increase. Is their popularity as wives also rising? Interviews with both men and women.

Page 35.

ALSO

The Well-Adjusted Child: Part IV of the four-part series on personality development in the child — Page 20 Journey Into "Civilization": Concluding chapter of the saga of an American Indian woman's experiences in England — Page 38 Eve Today: Gaura Pant Shivani, Hindi novelist — Page 41 Profile: Shaffia Bi, Tamil Nadu's first woman autorickshaw driver — Page 17 Film Interview: Sareeka — Page 19 Good News . . . and Bad: The news bulletin column revised — Page 45.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/7, Readers' Voice/9, Short Story/22, True Confession/28, Cookery/31, Comics/34, Passing Through/37, People & Events/48, Horoscope/50

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YOUR PAGE

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for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

WHY BE A MOTHER

The article on "Test-Tube Babies" in your issue dated Nov. 11-17 puts me to wondering the purpose behind all this. As it is, even normal pregnancy and delivery is an ordeal and, later, the woman goes through the hardships of bringing up the child. This is not to deny the joys of bearing and rearing children. But not able to beget a child is not the end of the world. There are equally more interesting and exciting things one can do than bearing children. I can understand the illiterate and uneducated woman who can't think of anything better than having children, but what beats me is educated, ambitious, intelligent women breaking down when they can't have a child. Not for one minute am I advocating against having children, but when you can't have them normally why pursue the matter at such great risk? In your article, Dr. R. P. Soonawala has clearly warned "Despite every care and multiple attempts due to rejected ova, the risk of the new-born having development defects is substantial".

There is a misconception built over the years that motherhood is the end of womanhood; but that's not so. No, I do not agree with Leela Ramaswamy that even when there is a risk of having a defective child, one should go ahead. "The International Year of the Child" has been declared, and the best way to serve the child is not to have a defective child knowingly.

VIJAYA MURTHY, Bombay.

Motherhood is not the end of womanhood — and we've said so often enough. We hope you read our article "Why Be A Mother" in the issue of January 20. We might add here, though, that no woman deliberately wants to bring into the world a defective child. Often, the risks are spelt out but, then, hope springs eternal. . .

2nd PRIZE

BLUE GREETINGS

An army may march on its stomach, but the world marches on its — you know what! It seems we have come to a pass, where it's sex, sex, sex all the way. We have sex in films, in books. We talk about it over cups of tea or at get-togethers. The topic no longer is a cat to be kept inside the bag. It is a bone that can be worried over, even in mixed company. It is a sex-oriented world where promiscuity is condoned and innocence is not lauded but derided.

But Heavens, must we have sex pervading even our holy precepts? Today, it seems, even Christmas cards have gone 'blue' and the message is not peace and goodwill but a gambit for baser instincts. I think the propagators of such cards that desecrate the very spirit of Christmas or other religious festivals, should be brought to book. Whether sex is good or bad, there must be certain lines drawn, and enough is enough. Must we let the mass penchant for sex queer even God's pitch?

HYMA BAL, Tellicherry.

We are not quite sure what kind of picture and message you have come across in Christmas cards. However, it would appear, from your letter, that artists and writers are going beyond the bounds of common decency, in a field as pure and simple as greeting cards. If that is, indeed, so we wonder if we cannot do something about it ourselves instead of appealing to these purveyors of sex: just stop buying these cards.

3rd PRIZE

VILLAGE CHILDREN

The last time I visited a small village in the South, some school-going

children kept asking me questions: What is T.V.? How can a Test match played in Pakistan be shown in India? What is a Train?

What struck me was not their innocence but the lack of attention given to our rural children. I began to feel we were depriving these children of even the most elementary things in the world around us. These children should be taken around our cities to get some knowledge about the world. The concept of government policy, programmes and plans are always rural-oriented. But, in practice, nothing comes to the village. What is most ironical is that our educated people should talk at length and write pages about how city children (E.W. 4th Nov.'78) are deprived of the natural beauty of the world, of walking barefoot in the grass, and not say a word about our rural children.

MISS SAROJINI, New Delhi.

We see your point but you must realise that the village child is not much of a loser for not knowing about TV and how a cricket match is telecast. But the city child is certainly the worse off for not knowing anything about Nature and its beauty.

WHAT TO READ

I read Current and Blitz for sensation, the Indian Express for its tirades against Indira, The Times of India for style, the Free Press Journal to know the South's viewpoint, the Statesman for half-truths, and the foreign papers to arrive at the correct picture. I also read Eve's Weekly for the female viewpoint, Industrial Times to learn the tricks of the trade, FPAI bulletin for hints on family planning, and Science Today to learn the mysteries of nature.

All this — and more — I read in just fifteen minutes a day and then I read the faces around me:

Face red, blue, pink, and yellow; faces long, short, oval, conical and flat; faces wrinkled, shining, dazzling and

painted; faces crafty, cruel, bitchy, seductive and dumb; faces innocent, beautiful, happy and smiling — and I like the last the best.

For me, the World is the greatest encyclopaedia and every day is its page. We who fancy reading cheap novels would do well if we form a habit to read the world around us. Every day would then widen the horizon of our knowledge and give us a better degree of understanding.

DR. LEO A. REBELLO, Bombay.

We agree. There is far more to learn from the world around you than from what appears on the printed page. However, a judicious combination of the two — especially placed in juxtaposition — should be the ideal to aim for.

OFFICE DONATIONS

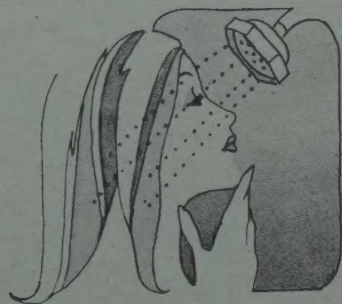
Every month a sizeable amount from our earnings goes for donations, funds and sarvajanik festivals. We have to give in to the inevitable, as some of these are genuine causes. Presents for births, marriages, anniversaries and deaths also relieve us of more cash. All this is part and parcel of life and we have to accept it with good grace. We can solve this problem by starting one big donation to end all donations.

Together with the tax and Provident Fund deductions, we can have a donation deduction and all fund collectors can approach the bosses who will give a lump sum on behalf of the employees, thus ending all our worries. How's that?

VEENA ADIGE, Nagpur.

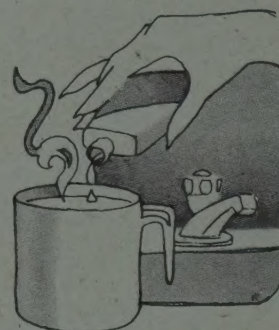
Clean bowled! But will this idea work? There are people who are firm as a rock when it comes to donations — they never give. Such people will naturally resent having cuts in their pay packet. But, whether the employers take over or not something must be done about this "donation menace".

Must you suffer chapped skin and cracked lips every winter? Protect yourself these four ways!



1 All those hot, steamy baths you have every winter morning don't help a bit. You end up losing vital moisture and your skin becomes scaly and dry. Bathe in tepid water if you can't stand the thought of cold baths.

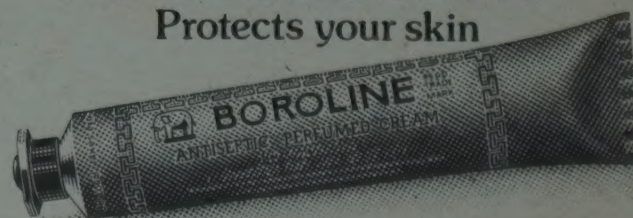
2 If you don't have the time to oil yourself, try this quick, simple alternative. After your bath, put in a few drops of olive oil—even coconut oil will do—into a mug of warm water and splash it all over your body. Then just pat yourself dry with a towel.



3 Those winter winds raise a lot of dust. And dirt and cracked skin are a dangerous combination. A good home remedy is a 'maida' and milk paste rubbed into the skin. Just see the dirt come out and your skin glow.

4 Boroline is a must in winter. Massage the gentle, nourishing cream into all the affected areas—your face, lips, arms, neck, hands, elbows, waist and feet. Boroline helps prevent chapping, peeling and rashes. It also works as an antiseptic for minor cuts and abrasions and protects cracked skin from infection.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

THE CHILD TODAY

With reference to your Special Issue (Dec. 23, 1978) 'Dedicated to the Child', let me thank you for dedicating the whole magazine to the children of India, the majority of whom are poor. All the articles are good and give a lot of information.

I hope all the people who read the issue are able to wake up from their trance and develop a sense of responsibility towards the hungry millions who need their attention and have waited long enough.

I hope this issue of your magazine or for that matter any other magazine, article or anything dealing with the problems of the poor, will not be just a means of passing one's time.

It is a pity that those few people who could take up the responsibility of solving these problems are so busy getting comfort for themselves and taking advantage of their transient position in full, that they become selfish and self-centered.

The steps which we take, the programmes which we formulate to fight poverty and to feed the millions are just temporary solutions. They are not ever lasting solutions by which we can totally get control over this disease. And the ever lasting solution is Socialism.

SAMAN RASHID, Delhi.

MIDWIFE DADS

Should dads learn to be midwives? Well, it sounds interesting, but will Indian dads do it? Indian husbands are a peculiar lot. They love to be westernized when it comes to smoking, drinking, dating and dancing, but not when it comes to helping the wife in the household chores. When he cannot share a simple thing like washing the dishes, can he share a complicated thing like "birth experience" with his wife? With his inborn egoism and superiority complex, I am afraid he may only make things worse by criticizing the way his wife 'strains', 'grimaces' and 'groans' during childbirth. Instead of helping his wife in the "extension of togetherness" he may increase her tension by demoralizing her. The husbands are best left to "pace the halls" so that the wife is at liberty to experience the delivery as she wishes, without being dictated to about what she should do even when she is "at her worst".

SRIJAYA N. CHAR, Bangalore.

IYC ISSUE

A member of my staff has just returned from a visit to India and has brought back your commendable special IYC issue (Dec. 23). I have not had time to read every article but am writing immediately to tell you how well conceived this issue is, and to congratulate you on the range of topics covered.

I hope it is permissible to make a few comments, from the "top of my head".

The exceptionally well-written article on the Bombay beggars is a little fatalistic. To say only the well-fed get hepatitis is too facile. So do the little beggars — and they die. Only we don't see it. I know only too well, from my own experience in India, how easy it is to romanticize poverty out of our sense of hopelessness.

It is unfair of Begum Zehra Jung to dismiss IYC as another UN Year. We, here at the IYC Secretariat, have been aware from the start that goals must be nobly ambitious but realistic. The UN is not promising to solve all the problems of children: indeed, it is only promising to help — to the extent resources permit — those who come forward with concrete, realistic plans. One of the reasons for IYC stimulating "advocacy and action" at the national level is to save ourselves from unrealistic speechmaking at the global level and to encourage national governments to promise their own children only what they can fulfil.

Once again, please accept our congratulations on a splendid effort at advocating the cause of children.

JOHN GRUN,
IYC SECRETARIAT, New York.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 10

THE PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED

How many of us have stopped to think about how a physically handicapped person copes with his or her sexuality? An eye-opening article based on interviews with men and women handicapped in some way or the other.

LOVE IS BLIND

When one sees a "normal" person married to a physically handicapped person, one tends to think of him or her as exceptionally brave. But one such person asked, "Why should our marriage be different from anyone else's?" And another said, "As far as I was concerned, I, with my buck teeth, was the one with the handicap!"

GERMAINE GREER IN INDIA

An exclusive interview with one of the most prominent of present-day feminists.

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Instead of a third person account of the courageous life of a physically afflicted person, this time we publish the heart-rending poems written by a young girl on her death-bed.

IMAGES OF WOMEN

Beginning a new regular column which will examine the portrayal of women in recently released Indian films.

It was a scintillating display of the latest in European fashion as Yves Saint Laurent showed his winter '78-'79 collection at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay. And YSL's star model for the show (as well as for the season) is a lissom Delhi girl, Kirat Singh-Rabier, who has achieved success on the international fashion scene after years of hard work and discipline.

From her earliest school days Kirat showed an interest in fashions and fabrics, and in sketching and designing clothes for herself and her friends. As she gained height and her figure developed into mannequin-like proportions the idea of becoming a model crystallized. On a trip abroad she was persuaded by friends to call on Cardin in Paris. Raw as she was to this highly commercial and competitive world, her looks and personality created the right impact. One look at her and Cardin was convinced of her star potential. Before she realized what was happening, he had signed her up and Kirat was 'in' with one of the most famous **maisons de haute couture** in the world.

Quite a break for an aspiring youngster. Three years of hard work and discipline followed and at last Kirat had 'arrived' on the fashion scene of Paris. By her own admission it was sheer luck that she happened to be there at the moment when fashion took on an exotic, flamboyant expression just suited to Kirat's sultry and dramatic looks. Watching her model Cardin's collection sparked off a streak of spontaneous creativity in Yves Saint Laurent and he signed her up for the 1978 season.

This proved to be the big 'happening' in her career. Kirat became the number 1 model in Paris for the 1978 season. Her album of photographs, a glamorous collection of glossies from such prestigious magazines as **Vogue**, **Harper's Bazaar**, **Elle**, **L'Officiel** bears witness to her swift rise. Her mood of gypsy-like abandon, her tall angular figure that looks like it has been hinged together in the most unusual proportions and her attention-demanding personality made her the only model who made the scene at all the important five fashion capitals in the summer of '78 — Paris, Rome, Milan, Brussels and New York.

By nature a casual young woman, seemingly unaware of her success and her position in the world of high fashion, Kirat nibbles daintily at a plateful of biryani as she chatters about her life. She finds Paris the most stimulating city, the throbbing pulse-beat of Europe, where the money is good, the work exciting and the peo-

KIRAT SINGH-RABIER

HIGH ON 'HAUTE COUTURE'

Jeannie Naoroji

ple bubbling with **joie de vivre**.

Most people are unaware of the hard work that goes into the making of a model, says Kirat, her eyes flashing with professional indignation. "It is not simply a question of wearing pretty clothes and walking elegantly. Elegance and poise do not come naturally but have to be cultivated over hours, even months, of practice."

Kirat spends several hours a day doing dancercises for physical fitness. Physical fitness, she stresses, is a model's most important asset. "Sometimes you might be travelling for twenty-four hours at a stretch and have to do a show immediately after arriving in a new city. You have to look fresh as a daisy no matter how tired you might be feeling. Tremendous stamina is required."

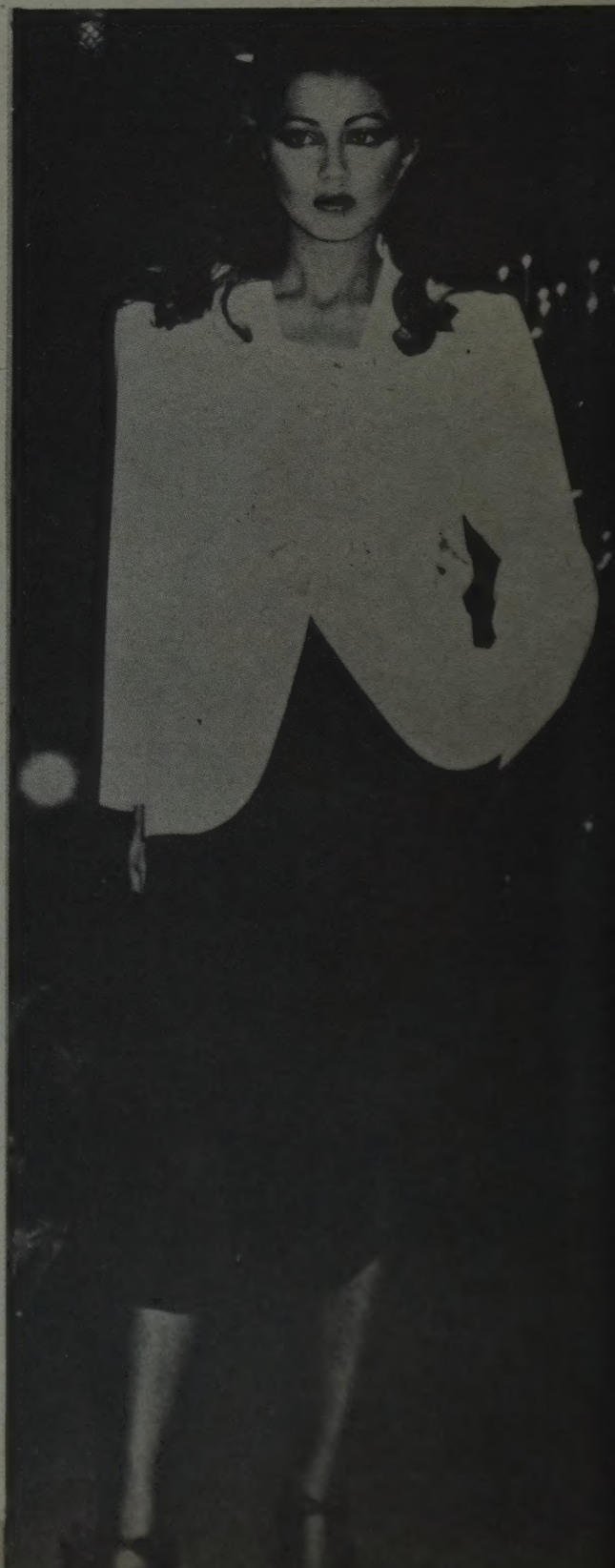
The market for haute couture is extremely limited. Each outfit costs between Rs. 12,000 and Rs. 20,000. Fewer than 3,000 women in the world can afford to buy and wear haute couture clothing, and even among these many outfits are gifted by designers to important people to be worn on special occasions, for an exclusive kind of publicity.

Some years ago, Yves Saint Laurent started the **Rive Gauche** label of ready-to-wear clothes and today the average working woman buys these outfits off the peg. These are often imitations of originals. Even so, every society woman still buys at least one item of a haute couture original — a hat, or shoes, or even a scarf — just to be part of the 'in' set. Kirat regards YSL as the king of kings in the fashion world whose designs have always been trendsetters in the world market.

As we were talking, the photographers arrived. Kirat excused herself to put on her make up. With a few flicks of her hand she re-adjusted her hairstyle, moistened her lips, tried on a few facial expressions to suit the outfit, moved her body about to hold the right stance and came up with a 'pose' that was a glossy **Vogue** page in flesh. She oozed the total self-confid-

ence of a person who knows her worth and is headed for the top. I could see at once that she had mastered the art of projecting herself, and her performance left me fascinated for hours.

Kirat is married to a French aero-



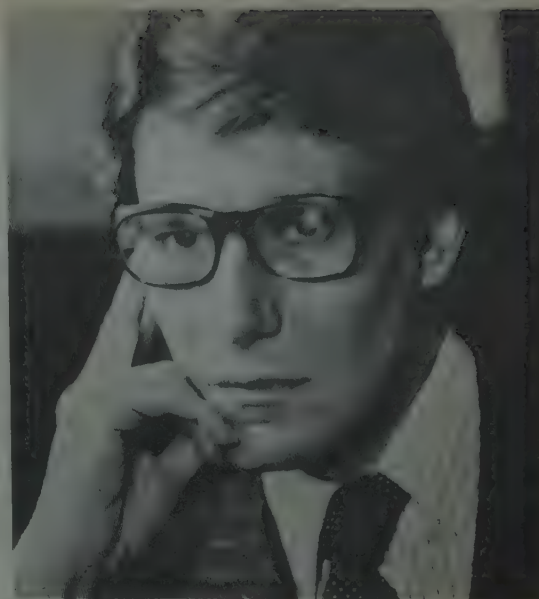
nautical engineer and though the nature of their work necessitates a lot of travelling they contrive to be in the same city fairly often. "My husband loves showing me off to his business colleagues but socially or informally I never wear what I model exactly the way I model it. I prefer put-together outfits, i.e., combining a shirt from one design with slacks from another and perhaps a scarf, jewellery or accessories from yet another.

"I never repeat the same combination twice. A lot of the time I wear Indian clothes — sarees, sarwar-kameez, ghararas, and I just adore hand-crafted Indian jewellery. I never plan what I'm going to wear. I wake up in the morning, feel attracted to a particular colour, and think up the combinations that go with it. That way I

feel psychologically in tune with what I am wearing."

Kirat is ambitious. Though in her late twenties, she plans to continue modelling for at least another three years, after which she plans to go in for designing and selling Indian garments and hand-crafted accessories. She also hopes to travel and study the architecture of different countries and the cultures of different peoples.

A model may be of any colour or creed or nationality, but if her looks fit the standard requirement for mannequins — i.e., minimum height 5'8", lean, thin figure and authentic looks — the sky is the limit for her professional development. All it needs is discipline and dedication to the task at hand. I only wish more of our girls would emulate Kirat.



YVES SAINT LAURENT

Yves Saint Laurent was born on August 1, 1936 in Oran, Algeria, where he spent all his childhood. After graduating from school, he left Oran for Paris.

He was seventeen when he showed his sketches to Michel de Brunhoff, Director of Vogue, who retained several for his magazine. In 1953, after attending a Couture school, he won the first prize of the International Wool Secretary's Contest for a cocktail dress. Michel de Brunhoff then introduced him to Christian Dior, who engaged him. He thus became Christian Dior's collaborator until the latter's death. After that he assumed the artistic direction of Christian Dior's house and his first collection, "the Trapeze Line", met enormous worldwide success.

In 1961, the contract between the House of Christian Dior and Yves Saint Laurent was broken and he decided to open his own Couture house.

On January 29, 1962, the first collection of the Yves Saint Laurent House was presented.

Since its opening, the importance of the YSL House has developed considerably. To Haute Couture have been added numerous other products: perfume, hosiery, scarves, furs, children's wear, shoes, belts, ladies' handbags, costume jewellery, glasses, etc.

On September 26, 1966, the first Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique was opened at 21 Rue de Tournon in Paris. An exclusive boutique for ready-to-wear outfits and accessories. All these specially created products are also sold in the 127 Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutiques.

There are also 12 exclusive Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutiques for Men in the world (three in Paris, two in London, two in Tokyo, one in New York, one in Monte Carlo, one in Brussels, one in Zurich, one in Beirut).

Alongside his couturier activities, Yves Saint Laurent takes great interest in the theatrical field. He is involved in the creation of scenery and costumes for ballets and musical and theatre shows. He has also contributed to many films, dressing several outstanding stars like Catherine Deneuve and Anny Duperey.



With her striking features and her face full of laughter as she takes shelter from the torrential downpour, the young Ethiopian girl has a kind of beauty unusual here. Under the crumbling Italianate porch she waits for the squall to pass, her sodden garment of rough cotton cloth clearly showing her figure. Where does she, this teenage girl, fit into the women's liberation movement, in either its Western or its Third World form?

In her hands the girl carries her own produce for the market in the little town of Selekleka: long, dark-green **talla** shoots with their roots embedded in an old tin can. It is from **talla** that Ethiopian women brew a thin, bitter beer in the heavy earthenware jars they use for carrying water. This is just one of their daily occupations, and they put it to good financial effect in Selekleka: outside almost every hut flutters the little blue rag that signals a **talla** house.

Yet should the government and UN experts drive through in their pristine Land Rovers, they would probably see those flags more as a sign of the people's decadence than of the "economic activity" of women. The things women do to help their families survive in this rocky corner of a very poor country are unlikely even to be noticed, are certainly not registered in any survey, and are probably not remotely considered in any plan for the area's development.

As in most of Africa, market day in Selekleka is an occasion. Most of the buying and selling of food is done by the women. They tend to market the produce because they are the ones chiefly involved in growing it.

In the town 'square', an occupying force of resolute ladies sits behind a bright array of foodstuffs. But not meat: like almost everything to do with cattle, that is handled by men. So is any skilled craft work — jobs like blacksmithy and carpentry and anything to do with cloth. The women pick, clean, spin and card raw cotton, but it is woven, embroidered and sewn by men. Any job here which carries status — which denotes a skill or a training that can be marketed for cash — is exclusively a male preserve. Which is why women's contributions to family welfare are conventionally ignored.

But even the most casual inspection of the Ethiopian countryside — or the countryside anywhere in the Third World — shows this attitude to be blinkered and absurd. The number of tasks carried out by women, especially rural women, is far greater than that done by men.

THE ECONOMIC DOWNGRADING OF WOMEN



A woman assisting a day-care centre in Togo, Africa.

UNICEF / Bernard Wolff

Women do the cooking and cleaning, care for the children, fetch water, gather fuel, and often have exclusive responsibility for foodgrowing. They do the weeding, manuring, harvesting, winnowing, shelling and storing of the crops. They tend domestic and farm animals — with the exception of the cows, which they milk but rarely herd or handle for plowing. They also usually take the produce to and from market, even when it means walking fifteen to twenty miles with a baby on the back and a child at the side. As long ago as 1930, a German geographer drew a map which showed that in the whole Congo region, in large parts of Southeast and East Africa, and in parts of West Africa, women performed every task of food production, with the single exception of the felling of large trees.

Africa is just one example of a place in the Third World where women's work is never over, and, more important, usually disregarded. Furthermore, the pattern of change — call it modernisation — of the past thirty years has made things almost consistently worse, not better, for women. There are more schools and hospitals, maternity centres and family planning clinics. But the pressure of population increases on resources means that food is more difficult to grow, and money to buy it with harder to come by; a clean water supply may be further away, and fuel scarcer.

The legacy of Western colonisation is mostly heartrending; in the countryside it was the planters' rule which started the process of women's downgrading. On the tea estates of Ceylon, women were recruited deliberately so that wages could be kept

**IN MANY
THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES
THE PATTERN
OF CHANGE — OR
MODERNISATION — HAS
MADE THINGS
ALMOST CONSISTENTLY
WORSE FOR WOMEN**

Maggie Black

Agricultural extension officers visit the men, not the women, with their advice about new tools and fertilizers. Training courses in modern agricultural techniques have no places for women applicants. Intermediate technology inventions — for making bricks, or better ploughshares — have almost all been directed at lightening the male workload. Modern technology — tractors and diggers — actually increase women's work by putting more land under cultivation to weed, manure, plant and harvest. And as women are expected in most societies to work only in connection with the home, parents do not see the same purpose in sending their girl children to school as sending their boys. Girls therefore grow up steeped in the old ignorant ways of their mothers. Society and home make rural women into the first enemies of progressive change.

If women have fared badly in the countryside, how has it been in the towns? Part of the answer lies in the appalling factory and sweatshop conditions that seem unavoidable in the early stages of industrial revolution. But for women the main result has been to lose their jobs. On the one hand, the growth of manufacturing industry relieves women of making all the household necessities — pots, jars, baskets, carpets, and tents. On the other, they can no longer earn. The textile mills of Ahmedabad, or across the world in Lancashire, have caused them to lay down their bobbins and put away their spinning wheels.

In view of these vicious effects of modernisation on women in both town and countryside, what have the relevant agencies — government, the UN, and the voluntary organisations — been doing to help since they first coined slogans like "Freedom from Hunger"? Firstly, there was the assumption that development schemes were nondiscriminatory; everyone would benefit. It wasn't thought necessary to consider the existing pattern of sex roles before rushing ahead with new ventures.

One small example where this oversight actually wrecked a development project is at Mwea in Kenya. Families moved from their traditional villages to settle there and cultivate as a cash crop rice under irrigation. But the plots on which the women were to grow the traditional family diet were too small. The women did most of the work in the ricefields, but since the men were the "members"

Continued on page 17

low. After all, went the argument, women are dependents — they don't need to be paid as well as men.

On the cotton and palm, sisal and coffee plantations established in Africa, the labour recruitment policy was the reverse: employment opportunities were offered mainly to young, unmarried men whose families were able to maintain themselves by the work of women in the villages. The system of migrant labour in the South African mines today is a holdover from colonial days when women were excluded even from the vicinity of the workplace. The terrible



ABOVE: Banjara women making mirror-work bags.

RIGHT: A woman's work is never done! She does the cooking, cleaning, cares for the children, and sometimes even works outside home to supplement the family income.

havoc this wreaked, and still wreaks, on family life was actually supported by missionaries anxious to keep away the brewers of beer and the sellers of sex from men with money in their pockets.

The division of labour that has kept women from the job market has meant they have been forced to hang on to their food-producing role while being denied the opportunity to grow crops for cash. The lack of access to jobs has also meant little or no access to money — although this has been the era when people in the villages have been forced into the cash economy. The concern has been to promote cash crops, and leave the food crops to take care of themselves.



CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

All of us are consumers and all of us have the right to know what we are buying, and to protest against goods and services that are not satisfactory. In India, endless occasions that call for protest arise; yet most of us do not exercise this right either because we are not aware of it or because we are too lazy to exercise it. A strong and powerful consumer movement is therefore non-existent. It is time we realized that the complacent consumer is wasteful, not wise.

Corruption, inefficiency, irresponsibility and complacency seep through every level of our society and lack of action by consumers allow these qualities to develop into monstrous proportions. The time is ripe for outgrowing the barren principle of tolerance, in which we take such immense (misplaced) pride and for attacking sub-standard goods and services on every occasion that arises.

We resort to angry, violent and destructive measures when a politician is locked up. If we could channelize this same energy for more purposeful means — means whereby we could get clean, drinking water (not jaundice-infected, for example), fresh air, nutritious and unadulterated food at honest prices, efficient communication systems, safety while travelling — then our energy would be well spent. What is the use of burning buses and trains and disrupting public life just because some selfish opportunist is behind bars or some clown happens to be delivering a nonsensical speech? We have few enough buses and trains as it is. Instead of clamouring for more we destroy the few that we have — an in-

dication of our warped priorities.

There are innumerable more worthwhile subjects that require probing and rectification. For example, consider the news items highlighted on this page. Such items appear in the daily papers every other day. What do we do about such shocking incidents? Nothing. Why is it that the policemen cannot guarantee safety to the common man in his everyday life? Rupees 689 crores is spent annually on our police force. We, the taxpayers, are maintaining the force. Is it too much to ask for law and order in exchange? And here I am not referring to the disruption of law and order created by rival political parties. The farcical dramas staged by them are not our concern.

Once my father and I faced some problems with queue-breakers. We ap-

pealed for help to the policeman travelling with us. We got, in return, abuses from a drunken policeman (in uniform)! When we reported the case with all the relevant details we received a reply stating that no action could be taken due to inadequate proof! No chance was given to us to prove the case in person.

Another time, a speeding police van crashed into our car. The driver got out authoritatively and was beginning to lecture us on "irresponsible" driving, but I lost my cool and threat-

ened to report this case together with another. One when the poor grocer at the corner of our street had his newly-built shop crashed into by a police van. The list of my grievances alone is a never-ending one. We have the misfortune of having in our neighbourhood a Reserve Police Force — and we don't feel any the safer for it. Chief Ministers attribute

How hygienic are papads, the served at most of our meals?

9 KILLED IN

However, a senior admitted candidly: The operators able to distribute poison, ed to check.

Ban on

THE NEED FOR A MILITANT

TEXILES TO COST MORE

Food poisoning

RAJKOT, January 17 (PTI) five people were admitted al for suspected food poison Wankaner, 45 km. n h erday, according to por d here. They start g basun e citi

the growth in the crime rate to the demoralization of the police, caused by excessive criticism! So, we must not criticise them. We must tolerate and pamper their (mis) deeds.

Or take the case of cosmetics — most of us use them. The better off among us use the more expensive ones (generally, though not always, these are manufactured by well established companies that have fairly strict quality controls). But the rich form a small percentage of the population, even if one considers only

the urban population. The remaining percentage — that is, the majority — use cheap, unknown, sometimes unlicensed and spurious brands that are often fatally dangerous.

Surma, for example, has been banned in the U.K. (where it was used by the Asian population) because it contains a large

quality of lead. Lead causes, among other things, anaemia. In our country the surma manufacturers are still unashamedly minting money by playing with the lives of millions. Consumers need to be alert against such ruthless rogues.

INDIVIDUALLY OR IN GROUPS CONSUMERS SHOULD:

1. Demand a decrease in

4. Demand information about the product they are buying.

I was surprised to find one of the directors of a very well-established, quality conscious, highly research oriented company denying the consumer one of his rights. He found demands for product information to be an unneces-

damage the hair and many more such products, some even poisonous being sold in the market and being bought by unsuspecting consumers.

The Food and Drugs Department quotes facts and figures that sound rather reassuring. One is almost misled into thinking that it is quite safe to use any of the products in the market because no company can manufacture an article without a licence. And a licence is issued only after the F and D inspectors have carried out certain tests, been satisfied that the colours are not in harmful proportions, checked that the product contains the elements the manufacturer claims it possesses etc. etc. What happens in the case of manufacturers who are not interested in a licence, who can sell their goods without passing through governmental machinery, who are confident of not being discovered? How is it that you buy a certain brand of oil only to find that the tin contains some other spurious stuff — in spite of all the inspection?

When I placed these embarrassing questions before an official of the F and D department he confessed that their network of inspectors was not large enough to entangle all the crooks operating in the market. As anticipated, their laboratory facilities, due to lack of funds, are inadequate to carry out more frequent checks. Once again, this shows a serious misplacement of priorities. The lives of citizens are daily being gambled with by money-making racketeers and there are no funds to safeguard the citizens against them!

Till the government decides to devote more serious attention to this problem it is up to us to get our money's worth and ensure the safety of our lives.

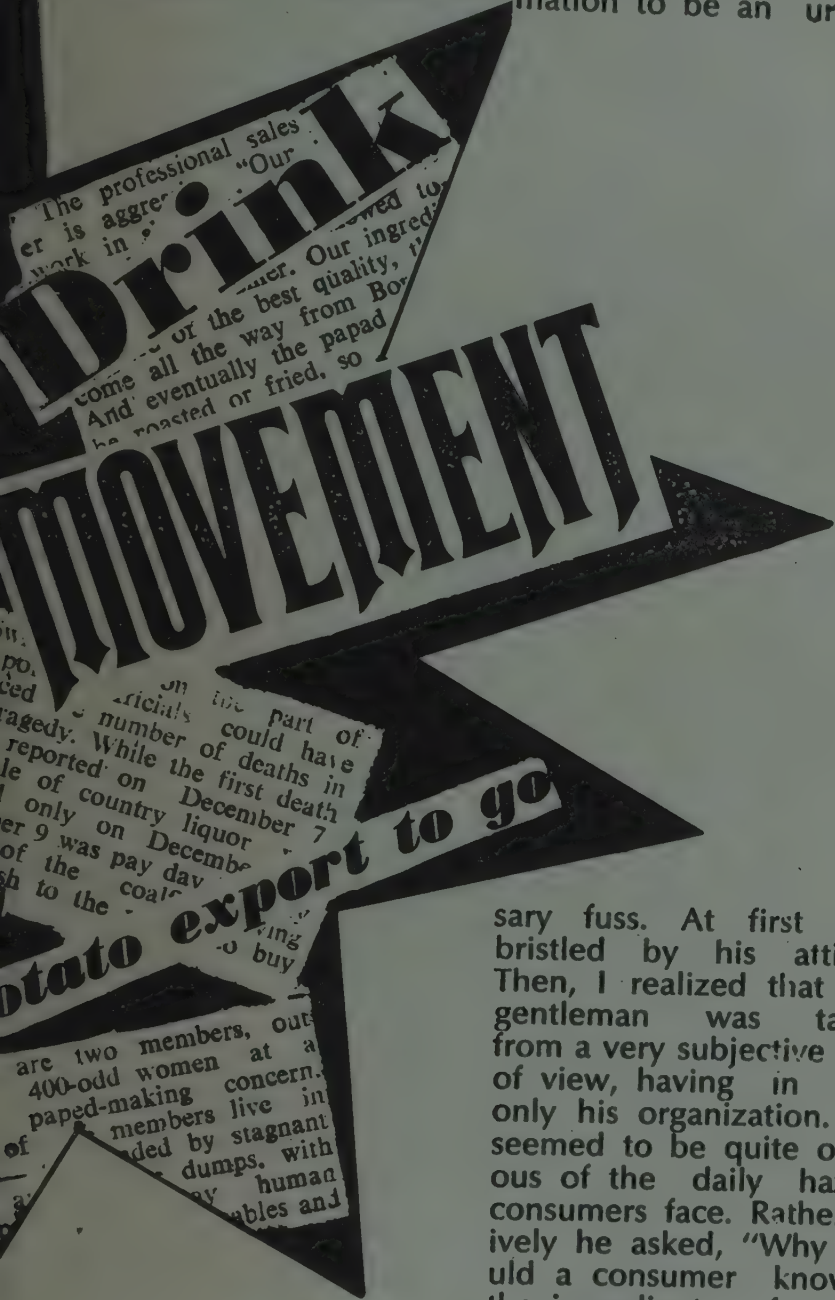
Though it has been mentioned in an earlier article I am once again refer-

ring to the Consumer Guidance Society of India because I found that even at a press conference held recently to meet Mr. Anwar Fazal (President of the "International Organization of Consumers Unions") there was an alarming lack of knowledge about consumer movements. The C.G.S.I. is a member of I.O.C.U. and takes up consumer problems and solves them to the best of its ability. Because of the efforts of the C.G.S.I., it is claimed, adulteration in Maharashtra has decreased from 33 per cent to 4 per cent. The C.G.S.I. has probed into many such cases and with dogged determination pursued these matters, taking them up with manufacturers and government authorities.

Further success depends a great deal on mass consumer awareness. It is the person who pays money who needs to be vigilant. Every rupee that is spent must be spent fruitfully. It will be difficult for manufacturers to sell trash once buyers of trash cease to exist. Ultimately it is the consumer who is the king. He has the power to change the market standards. He has to just realize the potential and strength he has as a consumer to improve his living conditions. Let us channelize our militancy into systematic action against hoarders, blackmarketeers, frauds, cheats and inefficient public services. The press, too, should highlight consumer problems instead of devoting insignificant paragraphs on obscure pages that few people have the time to read.

Alpana Chowdhury

N.B. Eve's Weekly will once a month, deal with specific consumer items, discuss their pros and cons, on the basis of interviews with consumers, manufacturers and government bodies.



the prices of the safer cosmetics so that they can be within the reach of a larger consumer body.

2. Stop buying products that are made by unlicensed, unauthorized companies.
3. Bring to the notice of the Food and Drugs Department or the Consumer Guidance Society of India unsafe products

But alas, as I pointed out to him, not all companies and manufacturers share this protective attitude towards the consumer. There are perming lotions that burn the scalp, lipsticks that cause rashes, eye make-up that leads to blindness, shampoos that

sary fuss. At first I was bristled by his attitude. Then, I realized that the gentleman was talking from a very subjective point of view, having in mind only his organization. He seemed to be quite oblivious of the daily hazards consumers face. Rather naively he asked, "Why should a consumer know all the ingredients of a product?" They, the manufacturers themselves, took ample care to ensure that the cosmetic would be safe in both "normal" and "abnormal" use (i.e. accidental mis-uses).



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and
glowing*

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exquisite
shades*

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perfumed*



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WOMAN ON WHEELS

TAMIL NADU'S FIRST WOMAN AUTORICKSHAW DRIVER.

Kasturi Radhakishnan

licence when State Ministers intervened on her behalf. On November 10, 1978, Madras saw the first woman to drive an autorickshaw. Mrs. Shaffia said, "Of course, I could observe a strange look on the people's faces when they saw me driving past them. My male colleagues in the profession too did not relish my taking up this job initially since there was a feeling that I might grab their opportunities and

earn more. As days passed their attitude towards me changed as I made them feel that I was one among them and not a competitor".

Mrs. Shaffia Bi's average daily income ranges between Rs 15 and Rs. 20 which she promptly remits towards the repayment of the loan secured to buy the autorickshaw. A signboard on her vehicle reads 'Ladies and families only'. "The board is there only for my safety", Mrs. Shaffia Bi adds. "I am not very rigid in following it. I do accommodate men passengers. Only when some men who I feel are likely to misbehave approach me I politely refuse by showing the board."

If her driving an auto has created a sensation in Madras now, her marriage did the same in her community two decades ago. Born in an orthodox Brahmin family, she married a Muslim, unmindful of the social consequences. And Miss Mohana became Mrs. Shaffia Bi.

"I am confident of bagging the first prize if the authorities conduct an autorickshaw race at the next Sholavaram Meet," says Mrs. Shaffia with a broad smile. And she could do it too.



The community of drivers of public transport in Tamil Nadu, and particularly in Madras, is proud of the new entrant to their profession — Mrs. Shaffia Bi, the first woman driver of an autorickshaw in the state.

It was an interesting experience meeting Mrs. Shaffia Bi in the office of Babaji Driving School, owned by her husband Mr. B. A. Basith, on Lloyds Road, Madras. Although she knew car-driving, she had no idea of taking it up as a profession, since she was very busy with domestic work

It all happened when Mr. R. M. Veerappan, a State Minister, while presiding over the distribution of prizes at the famous Sholavaram Races in early 1978, remarked that it would be a welcome trend if women took up driving public transport vehicles. Mrs. Shaffia took the Minister's words in all seriousness and with the help of her husband was quite comfortable in the driver's seat of an autorickshaw within half an hour.

She underwent all the training, including First Aid, which is pre-requisite for getting a public driving licence. However, her application was first rejected for some vague reasons, but Mrs. Shaffia Bi was very adamant. She got the

THE ECONOMIC DOWNGRADING OF WOMEN

Continued from page 13

they received the cash. More work and less money therefore, for the women, even though they now needed cash in a way they had not previously, to buy the food they could no longer grow, the fuel they could no longer gather.

Another way in which well-meaning development workers have singled out women is to encourage the making and selling of "traditional" handicrafts. This epitomizes with dreadful irony the downgraded position of women in Third World societies. Often the crafts promoted are in no sense traditional, and therefore the materials have to be imported, tie-dying in Tanzania, for example. Even where they do have genuine roots — jute hanging-baskets in Bangladesh, traditionally used for storing food away from infested floors — they are no longer a central contri-

bution to the local economy. These totally peripheral occupations reinforce women's position on the outskirts of society.

It was in an atmosphere of growing realization that existing development policies were worsening women's lot that 1975 was declared International Women's Year. There was always a danger that the spectacle of petticoats converging on Mexico City for a world conference would be held up for ridicule, and indeed it was too much for the media to resist. The resultant publicity obscured the central debate, bitterly fought between the women of the developed and the women of the less-developed worlds: Is the first priority development, or equality of the sexes?

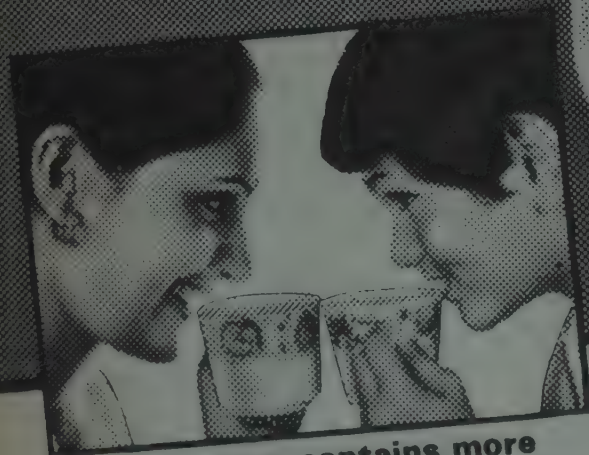
From the Third World, egalitarian aims appear legitimate and justified, but on the whole women are more concerned with bettering their chances of survival. The sale of young girls into prostitution is still common in parts of Asia, and the practices of polygamy and clitorrectomy still exist quite widely in Africa. But many from the Third World still feel that the

first steps towards women's liberation in their countries involve life-and-death matters like minimal health services and fuller stomachs. Trivia like "chairperson" and other linguistic irritations can wait, they feel.

Since 1975, the women's issue has received a good deal of attention. It is part and parcel of UNICEF's and other agencies' strategies for meeting "basic needs" with "essential services." It is part of the rhetoric about introducing a new international economic order to readjust the unequal balance between the rich and poor worlds. The goal of "integrating women into development" is heartily endorsed at every international gathering. With what results?

Predictably, they are yet to come. So far it is not possible to hold out definite hopes to that fifteen-year-old girl on the road to Selekleka. But if policies don't change fast enough to avoid her back being bent by the time she is thirty, maybe they will change in time for her children. People are waking up to the needs of women. As yet they have not acted. But they will.

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"I have still to prove myself in an adult role," admits Sareeka. "All I have to my credit at the moment are films like 'Geet Gaata Chal' and 'Kaagaz Ki Nao'. Though both were hits, the roles I played were not that of an adult heroine."

What followed were films which tried to cash in on the Sachin-Sareeka team and flopped at the box-office. And if, in spite of all those flops, Sareeka has been getting good offers it's because the makers can see that she has the spark.

Rishi Kapoor had said in an interview that he wouldn't be working with Sareeka in any film. Sareeka says she isn't upset by that because she's confident that in time she'll be able to prove her worth and then the

SAREEKA:

'Struggling'
in a male-oriented
industry

Harmeet Kathuria

"I don't have
any male star to recommend me.
I want the satisfaction
of knowing that I have come
up on my own."

best of the actors will want to work with her. "Till then, I'll just cross my fingers and wait. I have no grudges whatsoever against any actor who doesn't want to work with me now."

And how is she going to prove her worth?

"By accepting the most unusual of roles. Roles which are varied and where I have to play somebody older than I really am. In 'Anpadh', for instance, I have been romantically teamed with Ashok Kumar. I am probably the only actress out of the present lot who can boast of such a thing. The film has done quite well and I have really received a lot of compliments for it.

"Then again, I have a very different kind of role opposite Sanjeev Kumar in 'Grihapraves'. Basu Bhattacharya keeps telling me I have done very well. Let's see — the film is due for release shortly.

"I am not doing any sisterly roles, but I do have a pivotal role in 'Santosh', where I am Manoj Kumar's sister. Manoj Saab has now signed me for a role in 'Kranti'.

"This is a male-oriented industry and since neither my mother nor I are the socializing kind, things are naturally going to take their time. Besides, I don't even have any top star (male) to recommend me. For which I'm

glad in a way. I want to have the satisfaction of knowing that I've come up on my own."

Sareeka was understandably hurt when Tarachand Barjatya dropped her unceremoniously from his film and claimed that he had to re-shoot fourteen reels because of her, when she had done just four days of shooting with the unit. It was natural for her to feel disillusioned by the Rajshri people and in this she is in the distinguished company of Shashi Kapoor, who's also disgruntled with the Rajshri people — he was chucked out of 'Dharam-Veer' on Rajshri's say so.

But Sareeka has learnt to take these things in her stride. "The Rajshri people accused me of indiscipline. I really wish somebody would interview all my directors and producers and ask them of one incident to prove my being indisciplined."

Sareeka has some very off-beat plans (for a heroine) for the future. She wants to turn a producer, with her mother looking after the production. So her mother becomes the

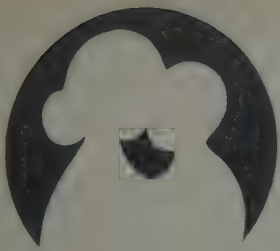
second mother-of-heroine to take up production after Hema's mother, Mrs. Chakravorty. But while Hema's mother took to production when Hema was at the peak of her career, Sareeka's mother will be doing so when Sareeka still has a long way to go. But then, this mother-daughter combination has always been very gutsy.

Sareeka recently hosted her birthday party which was quite well-attended. Even Manoj, who doesn't go to parties at all, had turned up. And Sareeka had done the unprofessional thing of not inviting the press (except for two journalists "on a personal level"). Sareeka explains this with, "I hosted the party so that all of us could really enjoy ourselves without feeling conscious that there were journalists around. Besides, the party was really for friends. I didn't host it to get some publicity out of it."

That's Sareeka for you.

Photograph : Girish Shukla





PART FOUR

At the age of five or six, a child experiences a thrust out of home into a peer group. For the first time he enters a world not dominated by parents and siblings. As he starts in school, he is on his own for many hours. He needs to cope with new situations and new problems. The way parents prepare the child for this new experience is important and has a lasting effect on the way the child is going to be in school in future.

Sudha was five when her father registered her in school. The conversation between father and mother was of significance. The mother revealed her anxiety by repeating over and over again: "Sudha is so small. Will she be all right? She does not know anyone there. What if she needs to go to the bathroom? What if the children tease her about being so little, not knowing anything. The teacher has so many children to take care of. She may neglect little Sudha. I will stay with her in school for the first few days", etc. The father responded by saying that it would be a good idea if the mother went along, supporting the idea that Sudha was incapable of coping and needed the parents' help. The parents expressed their own anxiety which Sudha then picked up, and became scared about going to school, insisting that the mother go along.

According to the regulations of the school, the mother was not allowed to stay in school and Sudha spent the day remaining anxious and crying. Later, every morning the parents struggled to persuade Sudha to get ready in time and go to school.

It is important that while the parents give the permission to their children to be close, they also give them permission to be separate and feel O.K. about leaving home with the security that they are still loved even when they are away at school or at play.

Before the first day of school, I took my children to the school they were to go to, and helped them get acquainted with the surroundings, the ayahs and the



UNICEF

THE WELL-ADJUSTED CHILD

**IN THE LAST PART
OF THIS
FOUR-PART ARTICLE,
THE AUTHOR
DISCUSSES THE
PERSONALITY
DEVELOPMENT OF A
CHILD FROM AGES
FIVE TO TEN**

Sarojini Welch

teachers. I also got their uniforms and their bags with their names embroidered on them. The first day of school was anticipated by us all with excitement rather than anxiety. The children learned to be friendly with the school authorities and other children. Learning then became fun as they also grew in making

new social contacts.

At this age, the child experiments with other relationships. He experiences a physical thrust into the world of games and work, requiring to co-operate, use neuromuscular skills, a mental thrust into the world of Adult Ego State development. The child continues to need love, understanding and judicious discipline with freedom of initiative in learning.

The role of the teacher is very important. At this stage, the child is inclined to hero-worship the adult of his choice he comes in contact with, and usually it is a teacher he chooses. With other children, he may play 'school' and take the role of the teacher. What the child thinks of the teacher is revealed in the act he plays. I know of a nursery school teacher who is ex-

tremely fond of children. At a birthday party where adults and children are invited, she is out with the children organising their games. Children call her Aunty rather than 'Madam', 'Miss' or 'Teacher' and they are very comfortable with her at school. I also know of nursery school teachers who are teaching in order to earn a living and are distant from the children they teach.

Teachers need to be perceptive of the child's needs. At six, our oldest son Ashwin was in first grade, having been promoted from kindergarten. After a couple of months, we became aware that he came home early with a headache, had his snacks and was out to play with no headache. We asked him what was going on in school. Little children of this age are not supposed to have headaches unless

there is a physical or psychological reason for it. He told us that the teacher had said she would keep him back after school as he was 'naughty'. We went to his school and spoke to the teacher who shared her difficulty with us in disciplining Ashwin. He was a bright boy and finished his assignment before the others did. While the other children were still struggling, Ashwin got bored and made paper balls and airplanes and threw them at others.

In order to stop him, the teacher scolded him and said she would punish him by keeping him back after school. Ashwin had noticed the chaprasi closing all the doors and windows, all the children and teachers going home and had fantasized that the class room would be dark and lonely. In order to get out of the punishment which had created a scare rather than a change, he would get a headache and the teacher then had to send him home. In our conversation with the teacher we discovered that Ashwin was ahead of the rest of the class and learning was not a challenge.

This understanding teacher then suggested promoting him to the next class, which she did. Work then became a challenge and Ashwin had no time for paper balls. He fared well in school from then on.

Children at this age need to be encouraged to be autonomous and gradually develop their own thinking, feeling and be-

THE GIRL WITH THE SAUCEPAN EARS

Little Rinku sat crying bitterly in a dark corner of the living room. She was a small dark child and when she hid herself in corners you couldn't see much of her except for her eyes which were brown and big. But not half so big as her ears which were like regular little saucepans. And these filled Rinku with a great woe. For everyone teased her about them no fewer than five times a day!

And now an aunt was coming to stay. How Rinku hated aunts! They were tall and large, and they fussed and scolded. Always telling her mother: "What large ears this child has!" This made her creep into corners. She wished she could cut them off and bury them in the garden.

Rinku heard the sound of the car and in a trice she was behind the sofa. Then came voices.

Rinku's mother came to seek her out and pulled her gently from the corner. "Look, here's my daughter, she is training to be a spy!" Rinku's eyes grew big and round. Could this be an aunt? This small, short lady with laughing brown eyes and a pretty red mouth? She looked as if a puff of wind might blow her away. Now, any minute she would notice her ears and Rinku tensed up. But

she only pulled her close and said gravely "I love little girls and you are the dearest one I have met."

That night everything seemed different to the dazed little girl. It was the feeling one got just before a birthday or Diwali. Here was Aunt Jyoti curled up in her bed in a pretty blue nightie. Telling her about the most amazing adventures of a horrid little boy called Kaalu, who cut off the noses of people he didn't like. At last when her eyes began to droop her aunt murmured, "What big eyes you have, little girl!"

Rinku sat up sharply and said woefully "And such big ears too Aunt!" "But we can soon put that right," said this small aunt and brought out a shiny blue vanity case. Out of this came a small pair of scissors. And then she snipped, curled and snipped again.

At last it was over and she held up a mirror. Rinku looked and gasped. Two fat curls hung glossily on each side of her face and of the saucepans there was no sign.

"Aunt, do you know magic?" Her aunt laughed and held up her hair. And beneath it Rinku saw a pair of ears just like her own. Regular saucepans!

Daksha Hathi



haviour patterns in order to utilise the functioning of all these ego states successfully. With the parental messages from the parents well as the teachers, now they have their own value system incorporating their parents Ego State. They need to be allowed to explore and be adventurous in order to get information in their Adult Ego State. They need to be allowed to be spontaneous and free to create and to reach to the society outside their home. With the support of loving, caring and understanding parents and teachers, a child can successfully move from this age of five and six to the next age of six to ten, the latent period, and be able to cope with newer situations and problems.

The latent period between six to ten is comparatively calm. Children at this age are strengthening their ties with their peer groups, particularly with children of their own sex. Girls team up with girls and boys with boys and sometimes boycott the groups of the opposite sex. This

is a passing phase and parents need not get overly concerned. Parents and teachers need to encourage the children at this age to be responsible for their chores at home and at school. They can be encouraged to learn to cook, clean house, keep the classroom clean and put up decorations and teaching aids with the help and guidance of the parents and teachers. They need to learn to use tools and crafts, needle and sewing materials. Science, arts and crafts exhibitions with the things the children have made are great incentives for the growth and learning of the children. Such projects should be encouraged. The main emphasis is on guidance and encouragement through personal involvement, not to do the things for them but to give them the materials, and guide and support them in what they are doing, helping them to be responsible and independent.

We regret that this concluding part could not be published in our issue dated January 13, 1979, as announced earlier.

TODAY Gauri had come carrying a cot on her head. She was walking with a poise which would have made even a circus artiste envy her. From a distance it appeared as if the cot was floating in the air. Under the cot, on her left shoulder was perched her youngest daughter. Her second child was astride her waist and the third, holding her finger, was walking by her side. Another child was walking behind her, dragging his feet. He was Gauri's youngest brother. Gauri had only three children. The fourth was in her belly.

It was nearing seven when Gauri entered the mohalla. There was a chill in the air, making her nose run. And the children's

too. She stopped in front of Babu Hargopal's house and dumped her two children onto the road without bending down; and then removed the cot with both hands and put it on the road. There was a nest of unkempt hair on Gauri's head. It had collapsed under the weight of the cot. Her soiled dhoti which had been dragging at her feet had slipped a little from her waist.

Gauri was going to deposit her youngest child in the empty drain running in front of Babu Hargopal's shop when she was suddenly caught by indecision. For many days she had been

THE PICNIC

Bhisham Sahni

(Translated from the Hindi by Jai Ratan)

**Gauri was
a domestic servant,
dragging her brood of
kids wherever
she went for work**

leaving the child in the drain before going to work in the various neighbouring houses where she served as a domestic. The drain was so safe for the child; it could not yet crawl out on to the road. But yesterday, empty packing cases from Babu Hargopal's shop had been piled up right from his wall up to the drain. Gauri had to deposit the child in front of the doctor's corner house even though it lacked the advantage of a drain. She was constant-

Picking up her child, and dragging the cot behind her, she proceeded towards the doctor's house, her brood in tow. As she looked ahead of her, she suddenly stopped in her tracks. The doctor's car stood there parked along the wall of his house. Till yesterday he had been parking his car inside his courtyard. Evidently, he disliked Gauri 'camping' outside his house.

Changing direction, Gauri walked across the road towards the lawyer's house in front of which stood a big neem tree. She was chary of putting the child under the tree, the early morning hours being cold and damp under its shade. But there seemed to be no alternative. Placing the cot under the tree she put the shivering lump of flesh on it, and squatting down by its side stretched out her legs. Then she smoked a bidi.

The lawyer's wife had seen Gauri spreading her cot under



the tree. She felt a bit apprehensive. But she ignored the new 'development' and resumed reading her newspaper.

Gauri always smoked a bidi before starting the day's work. She even forgot her children and smoked with great concentration. Her eyes would narrow as if her thoughts had transported her to some far-off land. In truth, Gauri was not thinking of anything. Carrying a cot on her head and bearing the weight of two children, she had walked a mile. A full day's work lay ahead of her but she was already feeling tired. It was a struggle for her to keep her eyes from closing.

Often, before going to work Gauri would feed her child, sitting by the edge of the road, and fall asleep while the child was still at her breast. Then the child would also fall asleep and her breast would remain uncovered. Passing males would have a lingering look at her exposed bosom

ly worried that the child might drift on to the road and she had to interrupt her work time and again to come back and watch the child. So Gauri had brought a cot with her today. The child could not climb down from the cot and crawl about.

Today Babu Hargopal had again put out the packing cases. Though Gauri realized that he had done it to drive her off the place, she could not avoid thinking that the empty drain was still the best place for the child. She lowered the child into the drain, took it out and lowered it again. It was like giving a child dips in a bath-tub. She was finally going to lower the child in the drain when she saw the jagged ends of nails protruding from the wooden cases. She abandoned the idea of leaving the child in the drain.

"Come back, you! Do you want me to smash your head with a shoe?" Gauri shouted at her son who had wandered on to the road.

"Haramzade, come back. Come back before a car comes and crushes your body to death!"

But the haramzada refused to oblige her. Meanwhile, the third 'brat' had also joined him and both were going round and round on the road.

The fourth 'brat', Gauri's brother, also suddenly disappeared from sight. It had rained last night, leaving big puddles on the

to wash everything before you put it to your lips. And even then you fall ill every second day."

Apparently, Gauri was held as an example of an ideal mother. She knew how to rear children.

"Come here! You! Sit by your sister's side. If you budge from here I'll break your legs!" Gauri shrieked.

Both the boys hastened back and sat down cross-legged on the cot by the side of the bundle of flesh, its two sallow legs sticking out of a piece of soiled cloth.

Tucking the pallav of her dhoti

all the time. He has a lust for eating and is constantly asking me for one thing or the other. Harami! There's no end to his demands."

The professor's wife ran her eyes over Gauri's body. "Look what you've done to yourself," she said. "Gauri, why do you remain so untidy? You must smarten yourself a bit."

"Bibiji, who has the time for it? You can see how things are when I remain dirty. If I spruce myself up a little these men will feel tempted all the more."

with her she wouldn't have dared to come this way. Tell me, why doesn't she pitch her cot before others' houses? Because they won't let her. That's why!"

"We have known her for years. We can't ask her to go."

"Why can't we? Just because we have known her it does not mean that she has a right to dirty our place. No, I won't allow her to keep her cot here."

Opening the gate, the lawyer's wife went straight to the cot and lifting it at one end, dragged it



road. The boy had chanced upon an empty packet of cigarettes. Extracting the silver foil from the packet he was dipping it in the muddy water of the puddle and trying to stick it on his forehead.

Mrs. Gidwani, standing in the balcony of her flat was watching the boy on the road below and called her little son to come out and have a look.

"See, how sturdy poor people's children are!" Mrs. Gidwani pointed towards Gauri's brother. "Even the cold cannot deter them from playing in water. And you! You catch a cold every third day."

Now, Gauri's brother had laid himself down by the puddle and had dipped his mouth in the water. Mrs. Gidwani was duly impressed.

"See! He doesn't mind drinking dirty water," she again told her son. "Nothing is going to happen to him. As for you I have

into the fold at her waist, Gauri climbed up the stairs of the opposite flat to wash the utensils and sweep the rooms.

"Why have you brought the cot, Gauri?" The professor's roly-poly wife met Gauri on the stairs.

"I had to bring it, Bibiji. Yesterday, my black-faced girl crawled right across the road. Now she won't be able to get down from the cot."

"Don't have another child, Gauri. You must put a stop to it."

Gauri's face flushed. "I'm not interested, Bibiji," she said. "But my man won't leave me alone. He's after me all the time. These men — they just don't care."

"Does he give you money? Or does he keep fleecing you as before?"

"Bibiji, he doesn't give me a single paisa. It's my money that keeps slipping through my fingers

When the lawyer's wife opened the gate of her house she saw the cot lying in front of her house.

"Come, have a look. I knew it. She has entrenched herself in front of our house."

Her lawyer husband raised his head from his newspaper. "Who has entrenched herself?" he said absent-mindedly and returned to his paper.

"Gauri. Who else? She has brought her whole contingent here."

"Let her be. She does you no harm."

"No, I won't stand it. Her children dirty the whole place. They make such a din and deprive me of my siesta. Give them a little liberty and you've had it. No, I won't let them stay here."

"All right, you keep out of it. I'll deal with Gauri myself."

"I know you won't be up to it. If you had been a little stern

across the road and left it in front of the doctor's house.

The child woke up and started crying. Her three-year-old sister climbed on to the cot and tried to quieten her. Aping her mother, she pulled her up by her legs to force her into her lap and losing her balance, fell over the child.

The traffic on the road had picked up. The pious were already out to earn credit. A Sindhi gentleman came regularly in his car at this time, carrying loaves of bread from which he distributed one slice each to the poor children. He did it because he had no child of his own. Gauri's children went running to him, salaaming him with one hand and stretching out the other for the slice.

Mrs. Gidwani also came out of her flat, carrying three stale chappatis and a quantity of three-day-old vegetable curry which she placed just outside the

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THE PICNIC

door in the hope that a cow or dog may gobble up the smelly food. Better still if Gauri's children, who were eyeing the food from a distance, had a go at it. Yes, they had grabbed the food and run away! Mrs. Gidwani again pointed them out to her son.

"Did you see?" she cried. "What appetites! They hogged the entire food in to time. And you don't ever feel hungry. You just curl up your nose at the sight of food, saying you won't eat this and you won't eat that. To watch these children eating, one would think they're out on a picnic."

The child had crawled to the other side of the cot and one of its legs was dangling outside. If the child fell, which could happen any moment, its head would strike against the two bricks lying near the cot. But Gauri was not there to tend to its needs. She must be working somewhere behind those high walls. The child had started crying.

The lawyer's wife heard the child's cry. "See, didn't I tell you?" she said to her husband. "It's just the beginning of the day. Let the day advance and you'll know what more is in store for you."

Gauri at that time was not cleaning utensils or sweeping the floor in one of the many houses where she worked. She was having a squabble with her husband in front of the eating shop at the corner of the road. People had assembled to watch the fun.

"No. I won't give you the money even if you kill me!" Gauri cried. "I need it for the rations." She was in a tremendous rage.

Gauri's husband was an idler and a waster. While knocking about from place to place, if he happened to meet Gauri anywhere, he would pester her for money.

"I must have the money!" Gauri's husband shouted back.

"I told you I want it for the rations."

"If you don't give it to me I won't let you enter my house."

A man from among the on-lookers intervened on behalf of Gauri. Finding a sympathizer in him she turned to the man for support.

"He has a lust for eating," she said. "Whatever money he can filch from me he throws away on food. He says he won't let me enter his house. Ask him if he has any house. It's just a hovel. Summer and winter, I sleep in the

open with the children. And he has the cheek to tell me that he won't let me enter his house. Not even has his father ever seen a house."

Suddenly Gauri heard the wail of her child and she ran away in a frantic hurry. "The wretch must have fallen down!" she muttered. "May she die."

The child had not fallen. Her sister had rushed back munching the food and had just in time hoisted the child's dangling leg

The children lived on the road, crying, laughing, playing in the dirt, eating leftovers from the houses around. To Mrs. Gidwani, with her sickly, pampered son, Gauri's children seemed robust and happy, thriving in the dirt as if they were on a picnic

up, saving it from falling.

Gauri picked up the child from the cot. "Arre, how has this cot come here?" she looked around in surprise and then slapped her daughter. "Haramzadi! Why did you let them push up the cot here?"

The girl, caught by surprise, started sobbing.

Gauri dragged the cot back in front of the lawyer's house and sat down on it to suckle her child, her sobbing daughter standing by her side.

After feeding the child she was starting to go when the lawyer's wife came barging out of her gate. "I won't allow it, Gauri," she said in a threatening voice.

"What won't you allow, Bibiji?"

"You shift the cot from here. Take it elsewhere."

"Where can I take it, Bibiji? I had brought it so that my child may lie in peace but you dragged it away in my absence."

"There are scores of other houses. Why do you single out my house? Put your cot before some other house."

"Bibiji, your house is a little away from the road."

"No, I won't let your cot remain here. I've told you once."

"If I keep my cot here what harm does it do you?" Gauri asked in a sharp voice.

"My house gets dirtied. Your

children collect garbage from all over the place and scatter it in front of my house. They make such a racket. Just now I heard them shouting at each other."

"Bibiji, if they dirty the place I'll clean it up before I go."

"Stop bandying words with me. Take your cot somewhere else. I've told you. Get up from here!"

"Why should I? I'm doing you no harm."

"You dirty my house."

"It's not your house. It's a public road."

"If we're nice to you that does not mean that you can take undue advantage of us — that you can spoil our house and we will keep quiet about it."

"I'm not sitting in your house.

I'm sitting on the road. The road does not belong to you."

The lawyer's wife rushed up. Lifting the cot from one end she dragged it away and dumped it in the middle of the road. "Let me see how you dare sit here!" she muttered.

Gauri felt outraged. No sooner had the lawyer's wife disappeared into her house than Gauri dragged the cot back.

She looked at the children who had collected round the cot and slapped them, one by one. "Don't move from here!" she glared at them and then satisfied as if she had glued them to the cot, she went away to work. Till now she had 'done' only three houses and the day had considerably advanced. She had yet to do five more houses at seven rupees a month each.

Back in her house the lawyer's wife took up the matter with her husband.

"I've told you so many times to keep a dog," she reminded her husband. "Why don't you keep a dog? A dog never allows a trespasser into the house."

"And if a dog bites someone?"

"Let him. Who cares? Then these people will not be able to have their way with me. A dog's bark will be enough to scare these people away."

"Where will I go searching for a dog? You must learn to be a little tactful with people. They're

not unreasonable."

"Then you don't know them. They have become very uppish. Do you know what this woman Gauri said to me? That she was not sitting in my house, that the road did not belong to me. Please get me a dog. The Kumars got a dog only two days ago. One feels so secure with a dog in the house."

The lawyer's wife's gaze travelled to the gate. Gauri's cot was again lying in front of her house and the children were noisily playing around it.

"Look! She has done it again!" she exclaimed. "You can't expect me to keep throwing away her cot all the time."

"I'll tell you what!" she said excitedly. "I'll ask Kumar Saheb to lend me his dog for a day. Seeing the dog tied at the gate Gauri herself will shift her cot."

The dog duly arrived and immediately made its presence felt. It was provided with a long chain so that it could make long 'barking excursions' into the enemy territory. A squat dog with black, fluffy hair, a snub nose and red-rimmed eyes, it was capable of striking terror in the children's heart.

Reassured, the lawyer's wife latched the gate from inside and went into the kitchen, keeping her ears attuned to the outside noise. She was confident that Gauri would remove her cot the moment she set her eyes on the dog. And as for her children, one look at the dog, and they would scamper away, never to return again.

Then she heard a noise outside her gate. It was the children shouting excitedly. Had the dog bitten one of them? Not that she cared. They had asked for it. Anyway, it would be good rid-dance.

She looked out of the window. The cot was lying there as before. She came out running and then stood transfixed at what she saw. The dog had betrayed her. Instead of biting the children it was playing with them. Gauri's daughter was playfully pulling at the dog's ears and it was licking her hand. The other children or the locality, it seemed, had ganged up with Gauri's children and were having fun with the dog.

The evening shadows had started lengthening. Gauri lifted her cot and placed it on her head and then hoisted the child on to her shoulder. She was getting ready to make the one-mile journey back. She gave the dog an enigmatic look and planted her first step towards home.



WHEN PARIS CAME TO INDIA...

In his ready-to-wear Rive Gauche Winter 1978/1979 Collections, YVES SAINT LAURENT the foremost designer in the world of fashions, through a sophisticated and masterly blending of structured and very soft shapes, continues his homage to the modern women. To celebrate its 75th anniversary, the Taj Mahal Hotel brought to India for the first time a fashion show from the house of St. Laurent, Paris. Here are some of the styles featured during the show.



The collections include a wide range of shirt jackets, jackets of different lengths, kilts and skirts of different materials such as velvet, corduroy and flannel. The suits and jackets revert back to the more classical forms. Here tweed, flannel and glossy cotton are the materials that dominate. The wrap-around skirts are fashioned in corduroy and wool. Evening wear ensembles include cocktail dresses, short evening dresses, skirts and jackets after Chinese-inspired tunics and T-shirts, worn with ankle-length pyjamas and skirts. Fabulous fabric, satin charmeuse, shiny on one side, gives a new effect for the evening in brilliant colours. Jewels, gloves, real flowers and high-heeled sandals are a must to frame the glamour.

Photographs: Pankaj Shah

TRUE CONFESSION

Marriages, they say, are made in heaven. But what of children? I used to dream of angelic faces and quaint lisping voices. Of watching their first steps, of waving them off to school freshly scrubbed in their starched uniforms.

How does one begin to tell the story of despondence? Of a child who wrecked our marriage systematically, step by step? Oh no, it was not his fault at all. The whole thing sprang from the constraint that developed between my husband and myself after his birth. As he grew the breach widened. We went through life, our love for each other suddenly transformed to hate of the most violent kind. I began to see facets of my husband that I had never seen before. I glimpsed his savage cruelty and self love, his obstinacy and egoism. He had no thought for me or the child. He only saw the child as an obstruction to his career and happiness.

You see, Amin was a spastic child. He was a victim of a disease known as cerebral palsy which meant he had a lack of control over his muscles. He walked in an awkward, shambling way, his vision was impaired, his speech was incomprehensible. All these things came upon us gradually. They were not evident at birth. When he was about two years old, we showed him to a doctor. You might wonder why we didn't do so before that. It was all on account of my husband. In the early months of Amin's life, Jahan had a tendency to shrug off any such request.

"There is nothing wrong with him that time won't cure," he would say, dismissing my entreaties cursorily. "Children develop at different ages. Don't compare your child with the one next door. He's all right."

When the difference became more obvious, when Amin tried to get up and fell clumsily, Jahan took another stance. When there were visitors present, he always forbade me to let the child wander out. "What will people think?" he would say. The child had a habit of making weird noises in his throat when he wanted something. These sounds always upset Jahan. This was another reason he was anxious to keep the boy out of sight. He thought Amin's presence would tarnish his image in front of his friends. Sometimes these friends had children who peered and gaped and asked awkward questions.

The doctor we showed him to said a surprising thing. "Amin has an above average brain," he said. "He is very sharp and intelligent. Unfortunately, the motor parts controlling movements in the body are affected and so he gives the appearance of being mentally unsound. Show patience with him and he will respond."

As we drove home Jahan said, "All this would never have happened had I listened to my mother."

"I don't understand," I said. "How could your mother have helped? Amin was like this from birth."

"I know," he snapped. "But at least I would have been free of this burden. Now he will be with us for the rest of our lives like an eternal curse."

I was a mild girl reared conventionally in my ancestral home, taught to respect the male and hold him a little in awe. When my parents arranged a marriage for me with Jahan, I had not known him well at all. But my family had apparently satisfied themselves and the alliance was through. The marriage was quite a lavish affair, as it is

customary with us to shower innumerable gifts on the bridegroom and his people. My father must have spent so much of his hard-earned savings that when I cried as I left, I felt guilty about the expense; they couldn't be left with very much else. My father was a man of modest means. But he had a glittering affair because the relatives expected it of him. To do anything less would have been an affront to their prestige.

He drove on, not looking at me or the child in my lap. I was intrigued. The three years of familiarity Jahan and I had enjoyed had made me lose a little of my earlier

I HAD A CHILD... at the cost of my marriage



reserve. I still respected him and was a little frightened of him, but not enough to cringe.

I expected him to elaborate that bit about his mother, but he kept silent. I had to draw it out.

"Jahan, what did you mean when you said your mother could have helped?" His hands on the steering wheel were tense and white.

"Nothing," he said. "Forget it."

But my curiosity had been aroused.

"I want you to tell me what you meant," I said.

"I am not sure you are woman enough to take it," he said in a low voice.

"What was it? I must know."

"Well then, here it is and don't say I didn't warn you. If you insist on knowing my mother's views, she was against this marriage from the start. We only went ahead with it because my father overruled her objections and as you know in families like ours, a man's word is law."

I sat still, the tears sprang to my eyes but I did not wipe them away. I stared at the road ahead, not seeing it. He did not turn his head, but must have sensed I was crying by some sound I made.

"There," he said triumphant. "I knew you wouldn't be able to take it, but you insisted on knowing."

"It is not for myself that I am crying," I said. "It is for Amin. How sad it is that a child who needs all the compassion and love he can get, should be saddled with a father as selfish as you."

"Love and compassion are fine to speak about," he snapped, "but who has the time for the care this infant will demand. I don't. I am on the verge of a fantastic career and I am not going to sacrifice my social obligations."

"I am not asking you to," I cried. "I will give him all my attention."

"Meaning you will neglect me?" he said.

I did not reply. There seemed nothing to

say.

"I married you so that you would be a companion and wife, helping me further my career, not nurse-maid to a nincompoop."

I shot a glance at him, and saw from his eyes that he was not in full possession of his senses. The eyes were moist with tears. The news of Amin's abnormality had upset him more than he cared to acknowledge.

"Jahan," I said. "I'm sorry. I feel this as much as you do." I put my hand on his arm. He put it to his lips.

Everything would be all right, I thought. But unknown to me, that day something died in me. It showed me Jahan in his true colours as the selfish man he was. Later in the clarity of reflected emotions, I mused on this trait of his. It had not been apparent in those weeks of honeymoon romancing spent by the seaside, nor in the months of my pregnancy when he had been a most devoted and considerate husband.

Maybe these thoughts of mine did something to my reflexes, because when he made love to me later, I could not bring myself to be as ardent with him as before.

He lit a cigarette and said musingly, "You were not in the mood today?"

"No," I admitted.

"Is it because of our quarrel in the car?"

"Jahan, please don't talk about it."

He touched my cheek.

"You are beautiful."

His words seemed inconsequential in the light of what went before but he was strange like that. Always jumping from thought to thought without connection.

He slept but I lay awake long into the night, wondering if Jahan was not after all a child as far as emotions were concerned, expecting and demanding as much of my time as Amin did. I thought of Amin too and what his future would be like, handicapped as he was. I had heard there were schools for such children which helped them make the best of their latent abilities. But learning was a long-drawn process and though I was equipped with all the patience in the world, I did not think Jahan would react agreeably to the idea. He shunned abnormality. He wanted to shut it from sight like a mentally afflicted person closes up facets of existence that are unpleasant to him.

The next day, as soon as Jahan had gone to the office, I took a taxi and went to my in-laws' house with Amin. They stayed a little way out of the city in the midst of peaceful hills. Jahan had opted to move away, nearer to his place of work. I had always visited my in-laws with Jahan, never alone. Now they were surprised to see me but they didn't say anything.

"How is Jahan?" His mother asked at once, fearing he was ill.

"He is fine," I replied. "I wanted an outing, so I came out here."

"I'm so happy," said Jahan's sister Razia. "You should do it more often."

"How did you come?" asked his mother.

"In a taxi," I replied.

"Never come alone again. It is so dangerous in the hills."

Her concern surprised me, especially when I knew she had been against Jahan marrying me. I managed to corner Razia after lunch. We were wandering in the garden plucking flowers while Amin slept.

"Razia," I said. "Is it true your mother was against Jahan marrying me?" It startled her and she looked away. "Don't be afraid of telling me the truth," I said.

"Yes," she said. "She thought it was unhealthy."

"In what way?"

"Because you are cousins," she replied. Mother and father are cousins too. They say that the possibility of defects in children are enhanced with close blood ties."

Amin was a victim of cerebral palsy. But my husband had no sympathy, no love for him. To him, Amin was an embarrassment. "Put him in a home for abnormal children. Then we can forget about him," he said.

"Oh."

"When Jahan telephoned that a son was born to you, the first question mother asked was, 'How is the child? Normal?'"

On the way home, after an early tea, I thought about our marriage all the time. Maybe Amin was a spastic child because of our close blood relationship. I reached home late. Amin was already back from office when the taxi drew up outside our gate. He came rushing out, still in his office togs.

"Where have you been?" he cried. "I was mad with worry." I got out holding the child, not telling him of my visit, suddenly ashamed of prying into the past. He raised his voice at me, suspicious in the extreme. I was aware of the servants standing by, staring curiously, alarmed at the edge in his voice.

"Come inside," I said. "I will tell you everything."

Alone in the privacy of our bedroom I said, "Razia told me the reason for your mother's opposition to our marriage."

"You went all the way there, just to find that out?" he cried. "You could have asked me. I would have told you. Why did you go there? You've made me look like a fool."

"Please Jahan . . ." I touched his arm. He threw it off.

"You don't trust me like a wife should trust a husband," he said harshly. "You go running behind my back with tales. I bet you told Razia we fought."

"Jahan, please control yourself. I told her nothing . . ."

"Then why did you go there. You knew I would tell you if you asked me."

It was impossible to reason with him. He was at his worst in these self-accusative bouts, when he felt inferior and tormented.

Amin was tired and cranky after the long journey and now he whimpered for my attention. Jahan gave him a whipping slap across the face. Amin screamed at the pain and I screamed at Jahan. I took the child with me to the spare bedroom and bolted the door against my husband.

I remained there the whole night. I had fed Amin on the way back in the taxi, so the only person who missed dinner apparently was me. Or so I thought. I was amazed to find two places laid out on the table and last night's dinner now turned cold.

Jahan was aloof with me when he came into the dining room all dressed for office.

"Didn't you have dinner last night?" I said.

"Don't act as if nothing happened between us yesterday," he snapped. The sadist in him was uppermost this morning. He wanted me to suffer the whole day.

"Will you have breakfast, it will be ready in a moment."

"Did you think I was going to eat yesterday's dinner?" he asked, with cutting sarcasm. I said nothing, merely cleared the table.

The servant, seeing me picking up the plates, bustled about to do the job. I waved him away and asked him to get the breakfast. Sahib was getting late.

Jahan ate the breakfast in silence, not even looking at me.

In the evening he was more composed. I had spent the whole day looking after Amin and attending to his many needs. I was completely spent.

"I have accepted a party invitation for this evening," he said to me. "You're coming with me."

No request. He didn't believe in it. He was born to order.

It irked me. I hadn't thought of it like that in the beginning but now my quills were up. I was damned if I was going to obey his every command.

"Count me out," I said. "I'm tired. It's been a hard day."

"You are coming out with me," he said. "This occasion is important to me. Many social luminaries will be there and it is a good chance to further my career."

"You go then, why drag me? I don't think I will be equal to it."

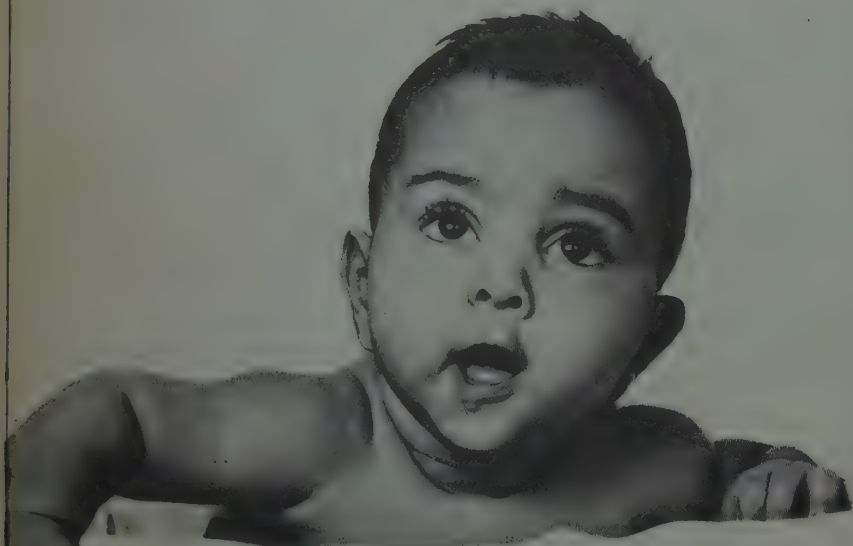
"Why are you torturing yourself?" he asked. "Life is meant to be enjoyed. If you tie yourself down to that son of yours, you will go mad."

"He is as much your son as mine, though you try your best to disown him. Show some love and compassion. Amin needs it. His mind is alive. His brain is alert. It is only his muscles that he can't control. How do you suppose he will feel when he grows up and sees your attitude . . ."

"I don't give a damn. Hire a servant for him day and night and prepare yourself for playing wife to me. I'm tired of taking second place in your life. As soon as I possibly can, we will put him away in a home for abnormal children . . . I have found out

Continued on page 50

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JELLIES... tops with children!

Premila Lal

Most of us, and especially children, anxiously wait for and enjoy a sweet dish at the close of the meal. Light desserts such as jellies, mousses add a piquant touch to a simple meal. Jellies with fresh fruits, combined with layers of cake and topped with whipped cream will make a fabulous treat for your children. You're sure to get compliments from the family every time you serve a jelly for dessert.

- 1 packet lemon jelly
- 1 packet orange jelly
- 1 packet cherry jelly
- 2 ripe bananas, sliced in rounds
- 1 tin peaches, chopped
- 1 tin cherries

Whipped cream and chopped nuts for garnishing

Prepare the lemon jelly according to the instructions on the packet. Pour into a large mould until slightly thickened, then add the banana slices. Refrigerate till well set.

Now make the cherry jelly in another bowl. When slightly thickened, mix in the peaches and pour over the set lemon jelly. Return to the refrigerator and set until firm.

Do the same with the orange jelly, adding the cherries when slightly thickened. Pour into the same mould over the cherry jelly. Return the mould to the refrigerator and leave to set very firmly. To serve, turn out onto a large dish and garnish with whipped cream and nuts.

RASPBERRY WHIRL

- 1 ready swiss roll
- 2 raspberry-flavoured jelly
- 200 grams sweetened cream
- 1 tin mixed fruits

Make the raspberry jelly as per the directions on the packet. Leave aside to cool. Cut the swiss roll in slices. Pour a little jelly into the bottom of a wet jelly mould. Leave in the



refrigerator to set. When set, arrange slices of swiss roll. Pour over more jelly and leave to set. When firm, continue to fill the mould with jelly and swiss roll layers. Leave the entire mould to set properly in the refrigerator for two hours. When firmly set turn out on a serving dish. Whip the sweeten cream. Pour over the jelly. Surround the jelly with mixed fruits and cream.

MARSHMALLOW JELLY

- 1 packet pineapple-flavoured jelly
- 1 small tin pineapple slices
- 100 grams cherries
- 60 grams marshmallow
- 25 grams candied peels and angelica

Drain the pineapple slices. Prepare the jelly making use of the pineapple juice. Pour a thin layer of the jelly into the ring mould and allow to set. Put in layers the chopped pineapple pieces, cherries and marshmallows. Continue till you reach to the top, allowing each layer to set before putting in the next. Let the entire mould set for an hour. Invert carefully onto a serving dish. Fill the centre of the ring with the remaining pineapple pieces and marshmallows. Decorate the top with cherries and candied peels.

PEACH CONDE

- 1 packet lemon flavoured jelly (crystal)
- 1 tin of peach halves
- 1 packet raspberry flavoured gelatin
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup sweetened cream

Drain the peaches, reserve three for decoration and chop the remaining. Prepare the lemon jelly using the juice and little of boiling water or as directed on the packet. Leave aside to cool. Pour out in individual bowls. Put in chopped pieces of peach. Allow the jelly to set in the refrigerator. In the meanwhile prepare the raspberry jelly following the directions on the packet. Leave aside to cool. Remove the set bowls from the refrigerator. Pour the raspberry jelly carefully over the set jelly. Once again leave to set. Put a peach half on the top of each bowl and decorate the rim with whipped cream.

PEACH BAVAROISE

- 1 packet strawberry jelly
- ¼ litre custard
- ¼ litre cream

- 2 cups peach puree
- 30 grams gelatin, dissolved
- ½ litre water
- 1 tbsp. pistachio nuts, chopped

Sugar to taste

Whipped cream

Prepare the jelly according to instructions and allow to cool. Dissolve the gelatin in some water and leave aside. Pour a little jelly into a mould and allow to set. Blend together the custard, cream, peach puree and gelatin. Allow to thicken. When thick, half fill the mould with this mixture and allow to set. Pour some jelly over this to form a red ribbon halfway up the mould. When this is firm, add the rest of the custard mixture. Chill till firm, then turn out, decorate with whipped cream and chopped pistachios.

FRESH STRAWBERRIES WITH JELLY

- 2 cups strawberries, chopped
- 1 packet strawberry jelly
- Milk to make up ½ litre of jelly
- 2 tsps. castor sugar
- Cream
- Chopped Walnuts

Dissolve the jelly in a very little hot water. Allow to cool but before it starts to set, mix in the milk to make up ½ a litre of the mixture. Take care to stir quickly and constantly to avoid curdling.

Keep a few strawberries aside for garnishing and mix the castor sugar with the rest. Place the sugared strawberries at the bottom of a glass bowl. Pour the milk jelly over this and chill till set. Before serving, whip the cream and cover the jelly. Garnish with the remaining strawberries and chopped walnuts.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

HINDI — 1

With repeated requests from readers we now give you, every fortnight, equivalent terms in different languages, to clip and keep for your record.

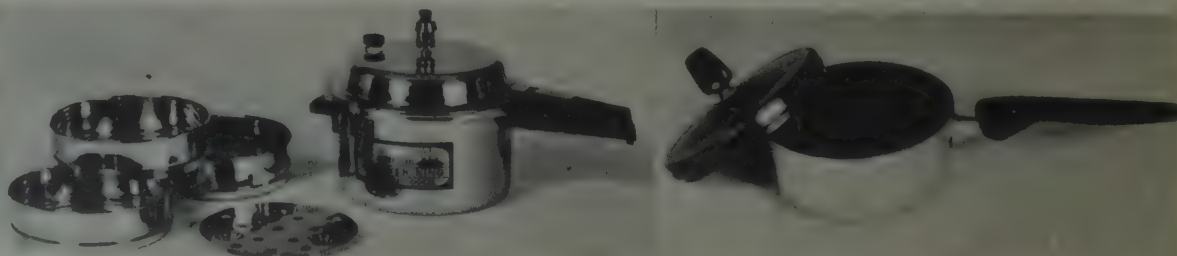
SPICES, CONDUMENTS AND NUTS (Contd)

Cinnamon	Dalchini
Cloves	Lavang
Cummin seeds	Jeera
Caraway seeds	Shahjeera
Bay leaves	Tej patta
Basil	Cocum
Pomogranate	Anardhana
Fenugreek seeds	Methi
Mango powder	Amchur
Mace	Javitri
Sesame seeds	Til
Tamarind	Imli
Cardamoms	Elaichi
Saffron	Kesar
Peppercorns	Kali mirchi
Onion seeds	Pyaz ke beej
Parsley	Ajmooda ka patta
Raisins	Kismis
Thymol seeds	Ajwain
Coconut	Nariel
Jaggery	Gur
Groundnuts	Moongphali
Peanuts	Singdhana
Almonds	Badam
Cashewnuts	Kaju
Walnuts	Akhrot
Pistachios	Pista
Sultanas	Munakka

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEEN

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00,

- 1) A 5.0 litre all stainless steel KITCHEN-KING Pressure Cooker with 3 separators from INDIA METAL INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A non-stick coated Saucette from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, and 4) A book, "Delightful Chinese Dishes", by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Kunti Nigam, New Delhi.

PANEER KHEER

- 1 kg milk
- 200 grams paneer
- 150 grams sugar
- 6 small cardamoms
- 6 pistachios
- 4 almonds or cashewnuts (optional)

A pinch of saffron (kesar)

Boil the milk. Stir it continuously till it becomes little thickish. Take it off from the fire and let it cool. Cut the paneer into very tiny square pieces. Leave aside. Dissolve sugar in two cups of water in a saucepan. Heat this syrup till it becomes one thread consistency. Add pieces of paneer and let it simmer for fifteen minutes. Remove from fire. When it has cooled, pour milk and mix well. Soak the almonds in hot water to peel off the skin. Grind saffron and cardamoms and mix in the prepared kheer. Decorate it with pistachios and almonds. Serve hot or cold as desired.



Rita Gupta, Delhi.

CHEESE TORTOISE

- ½ kg capsicums
- 250 grams cheese (preferably home made) cottage cheese
- 250 grams tomatoes

- 250 grams potatoes
- 2 onions, finely chopped
- A pinch of ginger
- 2-3 green chillis
- ½ cup curds
- 1 tsp. red chilli
- ½-1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. coriander

Salt to taste

Oil for frying

Wash the capsicums and slit them lengthwise. Keep aside.

FOR THE FILLING:

Boil and mash the potatoes. Add the mashed cheese, salt, red chillis and garam masala to the potato mixture. Keep a little of this mixture aside and fill the rest of it in the capsicums. Now fry the capsicums and use the same oil for the gravy.

Fry the onions till golden brown. Add the chopped onions, tomatoes, green chillis, turmeric powder, red chillis, garam masala and coriander powder. When the mixture thickens add the remaining filling and curd. After one boil add a little of water and let the gravy cook for a while. Add capsicums to the gravy and serve hot with chappatis.

WEEKLY WINNER



Miss Panthaki wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. oil tin from KMP Oil Industries and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

RED PUMPKIN ICE CREAM

- 1 litre milk
- 5 dtsp. sugar



Mrs R. B. Patil, Kolhapur.

MASALA KOTHMIR VADI

- 2 big bunches fresh coriander (kothmir)
- 10-15 green chillis
- 2 tbsps. sesame seeds (til)
- 1 tbsps. garam masala
- ¼ kg gram flour (besan) (or as required)

A piece of ginger

Salt to taste

1 tsp. cummin seeds

Little jaggery (gur) to taste

Wash the coriander leaves thoroughly. Chop finely. Grind chillis, ginger and cummin seeds to a fine paste. Fry the sesame seeds and add to the paste along with the garam masala and jaggery.

KHUSHNUM PANTHAKI, Bombay.

- ½ kg red pumpkin
- 50 grams cream (optional)
- Vanilla essence
- A pinch of salt

Clean and cut the pumpkin into pieces. With very little water boil till it softens. Pass it through a sieve to get a smooth and thick pulp. Bring the milk and sugar to a boil for 3-4 times. Remove from fire and mix it with the pumpkin pulp. The consistency must be thickish. When luke warm add salt, essence and cream (optional). Place this mixture into the deep freeze compartment of the refrigerator. When partially set remove and beat the mixture briskly till it turns light and frothy. Replace the mixture back in the deep freeze and let it set.

ry. Mix this with the chopped coriander. Now add the flour and salt to the above mixture. Add water, only if the mixture is too dry. Knead the dough. Mix in flour if required. Divide this dough into 4 balls and roll them. Put them on a grease-proof thali and steam these rolls. When cold cut into thin rounds and fry in oil.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

Commencing from January 1979, all cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe — non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subject specified for each month. We give below subjects for the next three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

March, 1979

STUFFED VEGETABLES

April, 1979

BAKED PUDDINGS

May, 1979

MUSHROOM DELICACIES

All entries for March should reach us latest by February 10, entries for April by March 10 and May entries by April 10.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

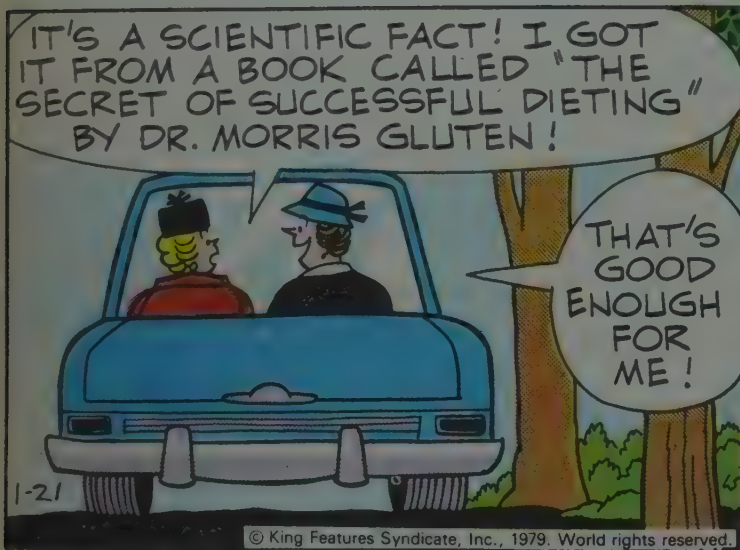
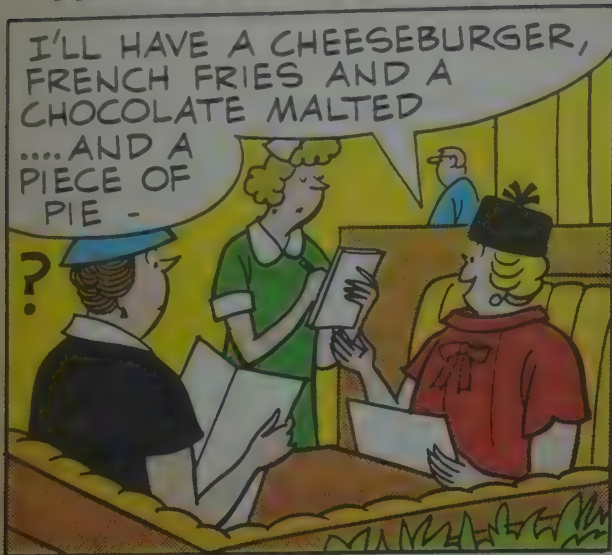
Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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The "teller" at the county seat, who sells marriage licences, told a local gal that he couldn't issue her a marriage licence until she had a properly filled-out form.

"Listen, mister," she told him, "if my boy-friend doesn't mind my shape, what business is it of yours?"

A man had lived to a ripe old age. In fact, he was well over eighty. He was asked about his reading habits and he replied: "I'm reading the Bible because I'm cramming for the finals."

He just had a check-up at the local hospital and the doctor told him that for a man well past middle age he couldn't find too much wrong. Then the doc went on to say, "But I do recommend that you give up about half of your romancing."

The patient asked which half he should give up — thinking about it or talking about it.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

There was an unhappy incident in the hills. A farmer's mule kicked his mother-in-law to death. A tremendous crowd turned out for the funeral, mostly men.

The minister commented, "This lady must have been mighty popular because so many people seem to be willing to leave their work and come to her funeral."



"They've not come here for the funeral," said the surprised farmer. "They've come to buy the mule."

Two women were talking about their small houses. One of them said, "I never complain about such things because my grandmother raised eleven children in four rooms."

The other one asked: "How did she manage?"

"Easy," was the reply. "She took in boarders."

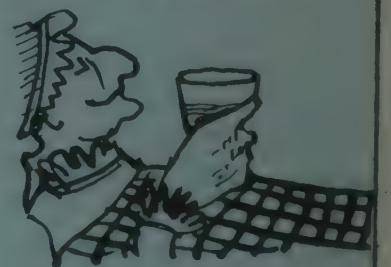
A Hollywood movie mogul is a fellow who closes staff meetings saying: "All opposed will signify by saying 'I resign.'"

"What are you doing here?" a policeman asked a man pacing the street at two o'clock in the morning.

"I forgot my key, constable," yawned the man, "and I'm waiting for my children to come home and let me in."

A farmer, whose elderly mother was in a nursing home, took her a bottle of fresh milk every time he visited her, always adding a little brandy to it.

She never made any comment about the milk but one



day she said: "Son, could I ask you a favour?"

"Certainly," he said.

"Please," she begged him, "don't ever sell that cow."

He was talking to a hill-billy granny friend of his and he liked her comment on sex education in the schools. She said: "I think it's a wonderful idea but I don't think the kids should be given home work."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

One has only to take a trip in the women's compartment of a Churchgate - or V.T.-bound suburban train during the peak hours, to assert that the popularity of working women as wives is on the increase. Within ten minutes you realize that most of them come from a lower middle-class background, and that their chief interests in life centre on their home, husband and children, and their place of work. Above the din of the railway noises, they shout to get themselves heard, chattering incessantly about their family life.

Why is it then that today thousands of wives are leaving the confines of their kitchens to take up a regular job outside? And why is it that most young men prefer a working wife to a non-working one?

I spoke to Mrs. Shekhar, a teacher in a suburban school, about this, and she felt that most wives today

work "to get out of the house, to find job satisfaction and peace of mind and to meet people". According to Mrs. Shekhar, they do not all work for the money it brings in, but for appreciation at their place of work too. This seems to be a very important reason why wives work today. The

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successfully fulfilling
the role of
loving wife and mother
at home
and efficient
employee in office**

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Rochelle D'Souza

atmosphere at home can get stifling when one's interests are limited to merely running a home, and seeing to the welfare of the children. Mrs. Roberta Naik, an American settled in India, feels that "with most Indian woman today, thought is expanding outside the home. With the breakdown of casteism and women's education flourishing, it is not surprising that modern wives feel a necessary pull towards the world outside. The more one sees of the world, the more one wants to become a part of it."

In most cases, of course, the husbands welcome the decision of their wives. According to Dr. Placid Rodri-

guez, a leading Indian metallurgist, "the idea of a working wife is popular among men because it provides an additional source of income." Most Indian wives hand over their pay-packets to their husbands, or as Dr. Rodriguez says, "they take care of the household with that money, so that the menfolk may have greater liberty to spend their salaries as they like." Mrs. Naik feels that a working wife brings for herself and her husband a certain social status. "With the unpopularity of the dowry system, the income of the wife would probably take the place of the dowry."

However, Dr. Rodriguez feels that the monetary aspect should not be the only motive for a wife to work, or for her husband to want her to work. "If everything is considered in an objective light," he says, "we must consider that every individual, irrespective of his or her sex, has certain abilities, talents and potential, and life is nothing but giving expression to them. In that case, whether one is an artist, engineer, politician or scientist, sex should not be a barrier, and we should not deprive a woman from occupying such a position, merely because she is a woman."

Continued on page 43



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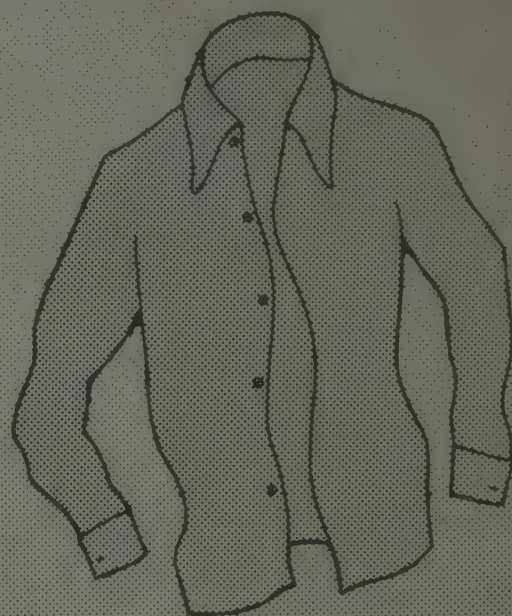


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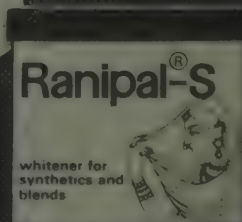
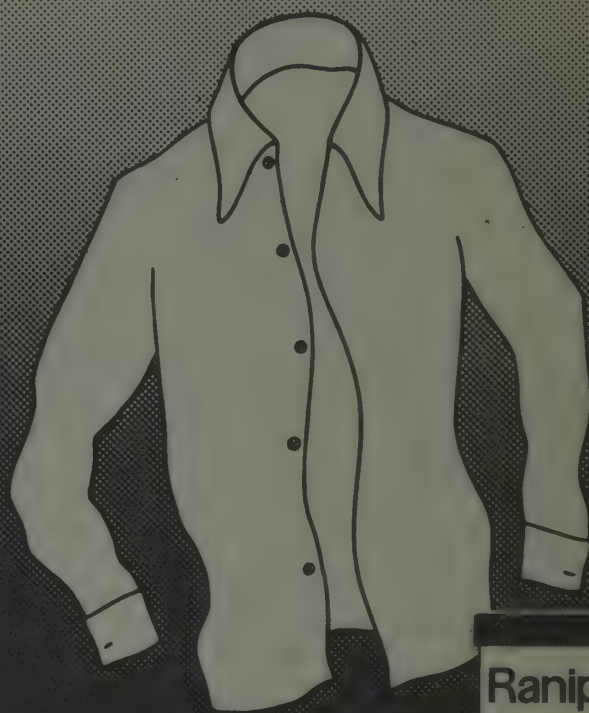
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PASSING THROUGH

"American society today does not want its women to stagnate in the home. It is not prepared to support them. Husbands cannot take the responsibility for wives as an immutable duty ordained by nature. Children do not want their parents' lives to be given to them forever. Women's liberation suits society much more than society itself is prepared to admit. Today the wife economy is as obsolete as the slave economy."

Quite a statement coming as it does from Elizabeth Hardwick, noted literary critic, founder-editor of the New York Review of Books and author of three novels — *The Ghostly Lover*, *The Simple Truth* and *Sleepless Nights*. Speaking at a series of lectures at the American Centre, Ms Hardwick spiced a scholarly discussion with dashes of warm-hearted humour as she portrayed the changing landscape of contemporary America.

The changing ideas and values of society are reflected in the various arts, she says, all art being a mirror returning the image society puts before it. Today's fragmented art forms

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

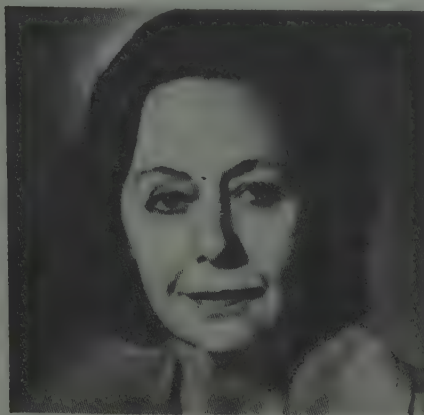
REFLECTIONS ON A TANGLED SOCIETY

reflect the tangles of a society caught in a flux of change.

Fragmentation is evident in all the arts. The new form of the novel — that has caused many to lament that the novel is dead — often takes the shape of a self-analysis in broken narrative. The reader is called upon to draw on his own experiences and impose his own interpretations on a theme which portrays conflicts between ideas rather than between characters.

The concept of love as a value in society, and its subsequent treatment in literature, is changing. Fidelity, long-endurance, romantic suffering are no longer

held up as models for emulation. The emerging value is that you are not stuck with your past; that a wrong decision can be rectified; that there is a need to move on, make a fresh start.



Moralizing which has been at the core of the creative impulse in the past, is no longer evident.

By using an abundance of cynical wit and coarseness the writer does not invest words with moral courage but stops at being descriptive. Irony, says Ms Hardwick, represents the shortened life of feelings. It appears to convey that attachment to a particular person, even legal attachment, defines the moment, perhaps the year, but is far from being a key to the future. "Who can imagine a young son or daughter marrying and living with the same person for close on to fifty years?" she asks, ap-

pearing amused that anyone could ever have imagined such a thing possible, "or even with two persons for twenty-five years each? Disruption of a relationship may represent failure but it also represents new hope. Lost opportunities are an accusation to self-esteem."

A natural corollary to this is a heightened interest in the pleasure principle of sex which has been over-glamourized for the sake of opportunistic sensationalism. "What good does it do anyone to study more and better orgasms" she asks with a trace of sarcasm, "to put himself into the satisfaction laboratory in the intensive-care ward of fulfilment? Satiety is quick and inevitable. The return of anxiety, debts, age, ambition cannot be deferred by love-making."

The most depressing angle of the sex business is the way it is offered for health and reassurance. Pessimism does not sell. Nor does scepticism. These, one assumes, the poor consumer can provide from his own experience. The hunger for personal satisfaction imposes the privilege as well as the burden for escaping painful feelings.

Ms Hardwick concludes that sadness, corruption and meaninglessness is one aspect of the seventies.

Meher Pestonji

INDIA 1979

Produced by the India Tourism Development Corporation
Printed by Allied Printers, New Delhi Price Rs. 25

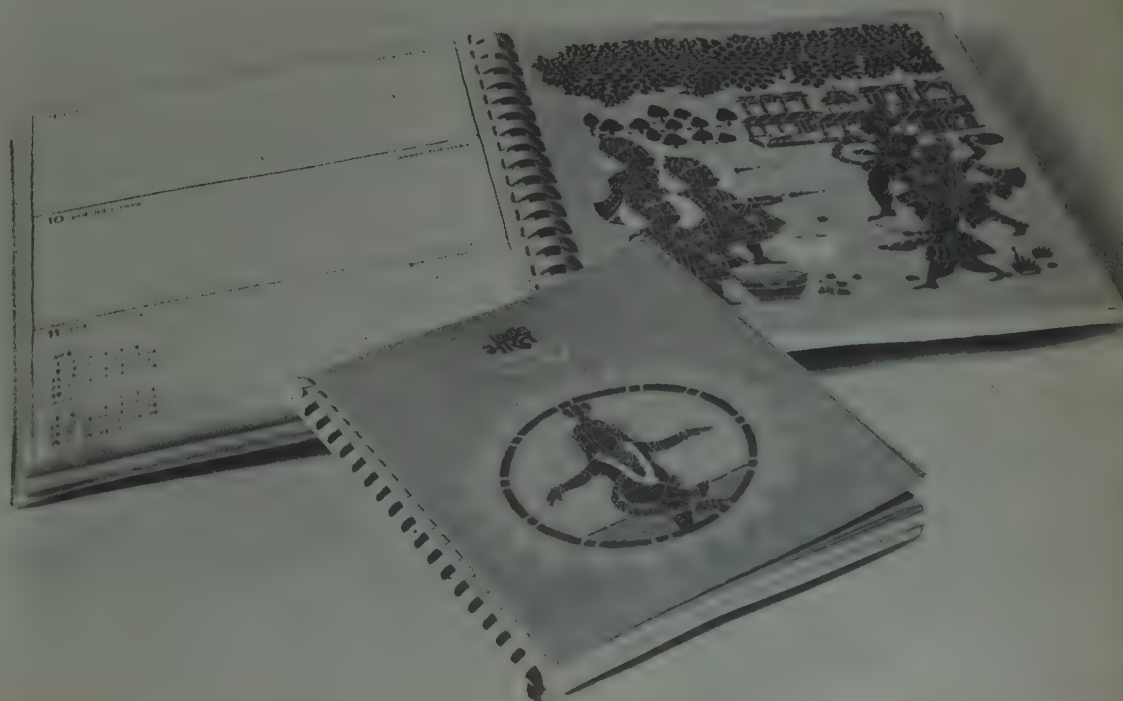
The India Diary produced annually by the India Tourism Development Corporation has become a collector's item because of its visual appeal and traditional Indian themes. This year's theme is appropriately dedicated to the child — it depicts various episodes from Krishna's childhood. The legend is brought to life through Sanjhi, the paper-cut folk craft of Mathura, in delicate designs and rich vibrant colours. For centuries the people of Mathura have been using Sanjhi to decorate their homes and temples.

The diary contains ready-to cut paper stencils for those interested in trying out the Sanjhi patterns.

On the reverse of each full-page illustration is an informative text with explanatory notes — in Hindi and English. However the text could have been made more readable.

The diary can be had from the Product Sales Manager, ITDC, Himalaya House, 23 Kasturba Gandhi Marg, New Delhi 110001.

C. J.



It was all very new to me and I didn't fully understand why Mike insisted we marry in church and why he needed what he called a marriage certificate!

It took Mike a long time to secure all the paperwork and documents necessary to ensure we were legally married. But at last it was all done and our wedding took place with the family I was staying with in attendance.

Mike rented a little cottage out of town and we settled in whilst word was sent to my father and family.

Those early days were strange for me. Whilst I was happy, I was ill at ease and really unable to express my real feelings for my new husband.

I wanted so much to be back in the forest where I could feel free and sure of myself. And Mike too wanted to travel into the forests.

RIGHT: It took some time for Anna to get over her terror of gas ovens and learn to cook skilfully over them.

Finally we were able to leave. Word had been sent to my father and family. They had left the river mission where they were camped and had travelled deep into the forest — a campsite some ten days journey from the city.

I knew my father. He would not be angry. He was not that sort of man. But he would be concerned, curious, somewhat fearful and certainly upset that his daughter had gone off and got married! Thus, he had chosen his ground well for the first meeting with Mike. My father knows the forest like he knows his life. If he was to meet a stranger it would be at his choice of time and place!

It was early morning when we set off in our little boat. Mike could handle a boat well.

I felt wonderfully at ease, relaxed and happy. The silly cotton dress I wore was soon discarded — Mike nearly capsized our boat when he saw me stripping off! But I told him how happy I was and how free I felt to be back in familiar surroundings, away from the noise and grime of the city; away from the silly restrictions and strange, often cruel ways of town life.

We settled into a steady rhythm, the current carrying our craft along at a good speed, all Mike had to do was maintain a straight course.

The day lengthened and we camped on a broad sandbank. Mike got a fire going whilst I looked over our supplies and prepared a meal of salt fish and cassava (Indian bread).

For me, that night was one of the happiest I can remember. It was the first time I was really alone with Mike, the nearest person was miles away! I gathered young palm and fern leaves and made a 'jungle bed' on the sandbank while Mike ensured the boat was secure. This was the dry season, so we had no fear of rain or flood.

Mike went downstream to bathe. When he returned he found me stretched out,



I WAS A WOMAN

HOW I FELL IN LOVE WITH 'RED HAIR'

Anna Wilson

warm, cosy and relaxed. The moon came up and joined the millions of stars; it was a beautiful spot.

Love among Indians is a slow, gentle process. A couple may lie, perhaps by a creek, for hours simply caressing each other, stroking and softly touching; exploring, seeking to find the soul of each other, then coupling, joining in an explosion of passion.

In the city with Mike, our love had at first been a fumbling uncertainty. Not because of Mike. He was a skilled lover, gentle, caring and considerate. No, it was me. I felt insecure in a strange and alien setting, unable to relax, unable to forget that not far away were other people.

But, here in the forest, how different it was! Here I was able to show Mike the true measure of my love. This lovely white man of the red hair.

We pressed on with our journey in the morning. The river narrowed as we neared the point where we were to meet my brother, Nelso. My brother was 12 years old, a bright typical Indian boy who already had learned the ways of the forest. He was pleased to see me of course and asked many questions. I told him to speak in English (taught him by our father) so that Mike could understand. Nelso whispered to me that Mike looked strange, and where did the "gold in his hair" come from!?

Whilst Nelso and I got busy round the campsite preparing a meal Mike went off for a swim. When he got back he was surprised to see I was wearing my traditional Indian

outfit — not much of it — but the only sensible thing in the humid forest. It consisted of a simple 'quayo' — a G-string — made from Indian beads and threaded on a 'tibi-siri' (cotton) thong; apart from this simple covering I went naked — although I had plundered Nelso's 'pegall' (Indian bag, in which menfolk carry their personal belongings i.e. charms, dyes, poisons for arrows etc.) and found a little ochre to highlight the tips of my breasts.

Nelso had provided lukenani fish, tanya and cassava for supper, and we had a fine meal. After clearing up we all talked far into the night and I was pleased to see that Nelso had taken to Mike and was already showing him the contents of his 'pegall'. Mike showed Nelso his knife, a wonderful thing that Mike had been given by a blacksmith back in Derby. Finally, it was time for bed. It was only then that Mike realized there were only two hammocks! I smiled as the sudden realization hit Mike, he looked confused. Nelso answered the unasked question:

"Is right, Mike, one-people hammock for me, two-people hammock for you."

I explained to Mike that Indian couples share the same hammock! I also explained that having Nelso close by was quite normal. Indian families have no false modesty in these things. A couple in love express that love within sight and sound of family members. For my part I felt pleased that my brother would be able to tell our family that Mike slept Indian style, with his wife!

It was Mike's first night of love in a hammock! He did rather well!

We were up before dawn. A heavy mist shrouded the trees and steam swirled from dew-drenched undergrowth. I busied at the fire fixing breakfast whilst Mike and Nelso packed the 'warishis' (Indian back-packs made from nibi palm). We had a long, hard march ahead of us if we were to make my father's camp before nightfall.

With everything ready, we each shouldered a 'warishi' and set off. Nelso led the way. We had been travelling about an hour before I realized that the pace was beginning to tell on Mike. Nelso and I found it easy to traverse the rank undergrowth, leaf mould, cross rotted logs and twisted roots, avoiding such pitfalls as thorns and tangles and hidden snags.

But for Mike it was different and I could hear him tripping, stumbling and blundering as he sought to keep up.

We didn't make our destination that day, so camped overnight, our hammocks slung from trees. We were tired.

Dawn and another day. We followed the same routine as the previous day. Mike was getting into his stride and making much lig-

hter of the march. We made good time and around noon Nelso announced that we were nearing camp and that he would go ahead and tell the people we were on our way.

I knew of course my father's camp was not far ahead and I wanted to look my best before introducing Mike and facing my family. I bathed in a cool creek and generally made myself as presentable as possible.

I got Mike to bathe also and suggested he wear just his drill shorts. I had insisted he grow his hair and it had not been cut for months. I knew it would be a talking point — especially among the women, some of whom had never seen a white man, much

**In this last part
of Anna Wilson's story,
she talks
of how she fell in love with Mike,
how they got married,
and the years
they spent in the forest while
Mike learnt
forest craft and became
an Indian**

less one with red hair!

In the clearing several huts had been built — obviously my father intended this to be a semi-permanent site. The dogs came barking, aroused by the strange smell of a white man!

A group of men approached. All wore their finery — amulets, beads, some with headdresses, some carrying spears, others bows. They reached a point some yards from us and stopped. I saw my father in the middle and moved to him.

Indians do not greet each other with great shows of emotion. A smile played for a moment at his mouth and then was gone. He was pleased to see me. That was all it took for me to know. I moved behind to join the women who had also gathered.

Mike stood his ground, the sun dancing in his hair, his chest rising and falling as he breathed deep. My father stepped forward:

"Halikuba, Mike, alekebi be banta," (Welcome, Mike, we are glad you have come).

The two men bridged the gap between them with outstretched hands. As their fingers locked I felt a bond had been forged; trust offered, as two men from differing worlds met.

FROM THE 'LOST WORLD'



My father then introduced the men, each in turn, to Mike. They would be just a sea of faces to him at the moment, but soon he would come to know them.

I had said hello to my family, my sisters, aunts and cousins. Naturally, they all wanted to know so much immediately and I had to tell them that I would talk to them all in turn later. Meantime, my father had indicated that we were all — women as well — to move off to the largest of the huts.

Mike was bombarded with questions, and between answers he asked many of his own. It took a long time for the camp to understand that Mike really meant to stay and to learn to live with them. My father was pleased, I could see, that Mike listened intently whenever one of the men rose to speak. After a good deal of cassiri had been drunk — and we women had our share — my father rose and delivered a lengthy speech.

He said that shortly the camp would be moving, once the cassava crop had been gathered. Already scouts were out selecting a new site where game was plentiful and good ground available for planting crops.

Once this was done Mike would be required to learn many skills; even though he was a man he would be expected to join the novices — this meant he was really going to school, and my father asked how he felt about it.

Mike stressed that he was there to learn, and that meant starting from the bottom. This pleased my father and he translated Mike's speech which seemed to please the

LEFT: The glitter of jewellery in shop windows in Derby fascinates Anna.

I WAS A WOMAN FROM 'THE LOST WORLD'

crowd, and much chuckling and laughter broke out when it was pointed out that Mike would be the oldest "child" in the camp!

Talking and drinking went on far into the night. Finally, my father showed us where our hut was, a small place on the edge of the camp. He had especially done this for me as he knew I would want to be alone with Mike for while.

Our hammock slung, belongings stacked, fed, bathed and cleansed, Mike and I were ready for bed. But some of the women and girls had other ideas. Eyes peeped between the slats of our hut, soft giggling could be heard. Mike looked confused. But I knew what it was all about. The women wanted to see Mike up close.

It took Mike some time to get used to being watched whilst carrying out the most intimate things. But he managed, and that first night he took the joking from the women with a good spirit.

So, in the days that followed, Mike began to learn something of our way of life. The time came for us to move our campsite and we took off on a long march; first across the plateau, then down into the forest; by river and creek until we reached the spot selected.

During the move, Mike played his part, sharing a load, paddling, joining the hunt—as a watcher at first — and, fishing.

My father seemed pleased and talked to me at length about Mike and his motives for being among the Indians. Of course, my father was confused and unable to understand why a white man should forsake his own to live among the Indians, but this problem that plagued my father's mind was something he put to one side. My father said that first he would teach Mike, watch him, learn from him whilst teaching him. In short, my father sought to take the measure of Mike and see if he could truly live the life of an Indian.

And as Mike learned I sought to play my part; I tried to keep our little home clean; I used different herbs for flavouring our food so that he would not become bored with our simple diet; I kept my body firm and healthy; I made many fancy 'quayos', amulets, necklaces; it was important to me that when seen in the camp the other women should be aware that I was proud to be the wife of the 'white Indian'.

As the weeks turned to months my father and the other menfolk began to gain confidence in Mike, permitting him to range out alone in the forest. Prior to this, Mike used to think he was alone, but always there was a man not far away. Not spying on him, but there to protect him from any danger that might threaten. No matter how careful Mike was, my father was for a long time fearful that if anything should happen to Mike, my people would be blamed.

And so gradually, Mike began to learn something of survival in the forest. His body hardened and toughened, the sun burned him brown; he packed on muscle and looked magnificently fit; he began to learn our language and something of our past and be-

liefs; as he learned to use the bow and arrow he was able to hunt and the first time he brought a deer home there was real rejoicing in the camp; he also became skilled with the spear and used this for fishing; his confidence improved and his senses attuned themselves to the ways of the forest; his sight, hearing and sense of smell improved beyond all belief. He even began to teach some of the men how to use a knife. Mike is skilled in the use of a knife as a weapon of defence. Indians love anything to do with weapons and when Mike demonstrated his skill it provided endless hours of enjoyment as well as learning.

Whilst all this practical learning was going on, Mike also had long talks with my father. The two of them would go off alone into the forest, sometime they would be away all day. My father told me that since he had got to know Mike he felt that this man who had become my husband was no ordinary white man. Mike sought to learn and not to teach. He sought to find the secrets of the forest and to come to terms with life in the forest. My father seemed strangely moved by this, and also very concerned. My father foresaw a time when Mike would be called upon to be the voice of the Indians. It all seemed very odd to me.

After more than a year my father said it was time Mike had an Indian name! This caused happiness in the camp as it meant Mike would have to undergo the various tests in order to qualify for a name!

Naturally, such tests and their meanings take a great deal of understanding and explaining. Indeed, as a woman, I am not fully

Anna's real home, to which she and 'Red Hair' return.



aware of all of them, as certain rituals are banned to women.

The simple tests came first. Mike had to demonstrate his ability to construct living accommodation from scratch; he had to gather the materials to build a simple rectangular structure with a high roof; saplings were used for the framework, and troolie leaves used for thatching; he had to build the walls of closely woven palm leaves, strengthened with lengths of yari-yari wood; he lashed poles, laid them lengthways and raised a few feet above ground level, they made an excellent flooring. He spent time and energy on this and the finished house brought words of praise and approval from the menfolk.

After building came the gathering of special edible fruits, berries, nuts and roots; not quite as simple as it sounds, as one has to know exactly where specific trees and bushes are bearing their fruit; there is no "season" as such in the forest; a tree will grow, bear fruit and mature at any time, whilst a tree of the same species and age, growing perhaps only a few yards away will bear its fruit at a different time altogether.

Fishing was next. Mike had to catch certain fish by using bow and arrow, rod and line, and net and trap. It takes several days to fulfil this task. Bringing back meat to the camp was, of course, an important test and a novice is allowed a week to do this. He must bring back deer and wild pig, different game birds and the elusive but delicious 'agouti' (a small animal something like a rabbit) together with a pair of 'pawls' (bush turkey).

When these tests were completed, others were undergone that entailed Mike getting thrown in the river!

The test was really to see how good Mike was with a bow and arrow. Along with several of the men, Mike boarded one of the larger boats. Mike was instructed to stand amid ships and loose arrows at targets pointed out along the bank — perhaps the branch of a tree, a nest in a tree-top, or anything that looked a likely target.

All that may sound easy, just standing in a boat shooting a bow and arrow. But, the men were paddling like mad, reaching really fast speeds; then as they reached the target site, they would rock the canoe violently! Mike ended in the river dozens of times. The men in the boat and we women who watched from the bank thought it great fun and had a really good laugh. Mike treated the whole thing as a great joke and enjoyed the whole escapade. It was perhaps just as well that he could laugh, as this test was also aimed at testing his sense of humour!

However, the other tests must be harrowing as when Mike returned from two days in the forest with some of the men he had terrible wounds about his back, stomach and legs. But, Mike would tell me nothing of what took place. He said it was not allowed for women to know and he was telling me nothing! My father asked me what was wrong with Mike's body — he had seen the wounds — and I told him I did not know. At this my father was really pleased! It proved to him that Mike could be trusted to honour tribal customs! After this talk with my father I too felt extra proud of Mike, for he had demonstrated he could fulfil a promise to my people!

Continued on page 47

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

Few writers make good speakers, but Gaura Pant Shivani, a Hindi writer, is as good a speaker as she is a writer. At a women writers' conference held this year in Hyderabad — she was the only Hindi writer amidst the Telugu writers — when Gaura stood up to speak, she had the audience listening in attentive silence. The subjects of Gaura's novels are topical and deal with women of all classes of society and their problems, their lives, their joys, sorrows, frustrations and fulfilment.

Gaura Pant comes actually from Kumaon, where her father was in the service of the Nawab of Rampur. He was the Diwan and a brilliant scholar.

"I spent nine years in Shantiniketan," says Gaura, "and out of that one year with Gurudev Tagore, and those were wonderful, formative years."

Gaura was a brilliant student and passed her B.A. with distinction. Her first article was published when she was still an Intermediate student at Shantiniketan.

"My brother and I were brought up by two governesses at home in the early years," she says, "and in 1935 I went to Shantiniketan. Satyajit Ray, Mrinalini Sarabhai, Arundati Mukherjee were all my contemporaries. Even Arvind Mukerjee, the well known film director, was with us at Shantiniketan."

Her first novel was *Mayapuri*. It is a romantic novel, and very popular. Even now, it is popular and brings her considerable royalty. It was published in 1957. *Krishnakali* is also a best-seller. "But I feel *Bhairavi* is really my best. It is mostly about Tantraicism and mysticism, and is based on a true story, and is popular even today."

Surangama is about beauty and courage and is about the life of a chief minister — his struggles and his ambition. He is supposed to be a ruthless man. "I took a normal human and emphasized both his good and bad point — the sort of good and bad point of various ministers I have seen."

Her favourite writer, is the Russian Taya Zinken. Gaura has been writing for *Dharmayug*. She writes four weekly columns. "Do you know why I started writing these?" she

GAURA PANT SHIVANI

A PROLIFIC WRITER AND COLUMNIST



Mrs. Gaura Pant Shivani addressing the Telugu Women Writers' Conference in Hyderabad.

asks. "It was to keep my flat. No writer in India can maintain himself or live off his writings alone. I started weekly columns — four of them — under four different headings. They are *Vatayan*, *Gavaksh*, *Jarokha* and *Dareecha*. These words all mean "window". I have been writing over four years now on different subjects, and I earn far more from these columns than I do from my novels."

Gaura also works for T.V. She is on the music audition board, and she does interviews. Some time ago she interviewed Rukmini Arundale and Pandit Kishen Maharaj.

Her writings have been appreciated greatly by lovers of Urdu. The *Bazm-e-Urdu* also felicitated her recently.

Gaura's father was the first Indian to write for the *Asian* magazine. "My grandfather was a Sanskrit scholar and my mother was very fond of reading. I feel I have inherited my love of writing and reading from her."

Gaura has published about ten novels and various collections of

short stories. In 1941, *Maricheeka*, her first story was published in Bengal. Her novels include *Har Har Ganga*, *Al-Vida*, *Radhika Ram*.

"One of my daughters also writes," she says. "She is also a lecturer in the College of Jesus and Mary. My other daughter teaches at East-West University, Hawaii. I gave them both convent education, but I also saw to it that they learnt Sanskrit."

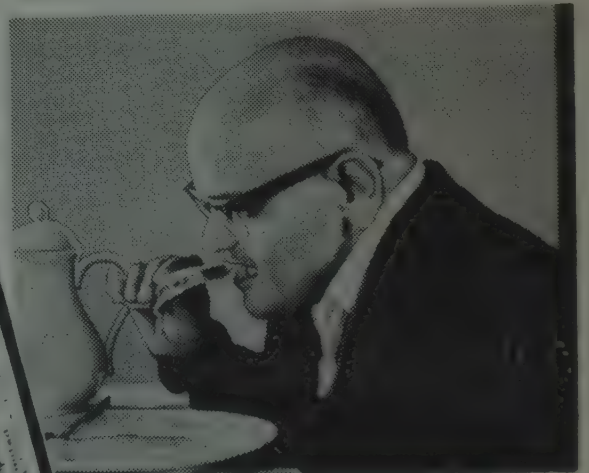
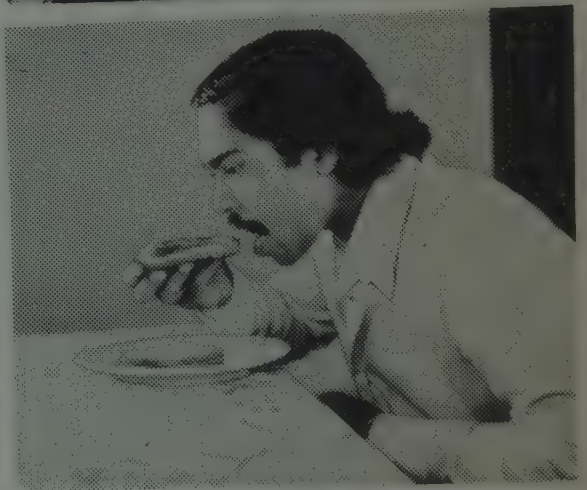
Gaura's *Apradhini* is about seven

women criminals. Each one relives her life and tells of how and why she committed her crime. "There are three kinds of criminals" says Gaura. "One is the type who is a hardened person. She will go back and commit the crime again if she is set free. The other is the type who has committed the crime in innocence. She is even unaware of her guilt. The third has been driven to it by society. When I wrote this, I received so many letters — both angry and appreciative ones. I almost had to have police protection. For my material I had to go to prisons, talk to prisoners, and discuss with them the reasons that led to their committing crimes. For some the outlook was very bleak. Society would never accept them. I appeal to people, and to women in particular, to think kindly of their less fortunate sisters."

Gaura Pant Shivani is writing still. Her weekly columns are still windows that look out on the vast panorama of life.

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Kissan



Continued from page 35

Ranjana Shah is a twenty-year-old, contemplating marriage in the near future. She feels that the popularity of working wives is on the increase for three reasons. "With the high cost of living today, the wife feels that she too must contribute something to supplement the family income." A wife's salary helps the family to indulge in a few luxuries that would not have been permitted on just the man's salary, and psychologically it produces a feeling of pride and satisfaction in the husband. He feels that his wife too is working side-by-side with him to shoulder the financial burden of running a home. Ranjana also feels that with greater social liberation coming her way day after day, a wife gets the opportunity of utilizing her time usefully. "Society no longer frowns upon a working wife. Rather, she is admired and respected for the great task she has taken upon herself — that of running her home and coping with a regular job. Again, women today are highly educated and it would be a waste if after marriage they did not use this education to further their interests in the world around them."

Ranjana herself would like to help her husband in his business once she gets married, for she is sure that he would welcome her help. Not all husbands are so accommodating, however. As Mrs. Shekhar pointed out: "Many men do not accept the idea of a working wife, because of pride and false prestige." Ironically enough, in Mrs. Shekhar's experience it is the educated husband in a high financial position who is the most difficult to get round. "He feels it is below his dignity for his wife to work, when he can fully support the family." Psy-

chologically perhaps, he begins to feel inferior to his wife, for it is this kind of husband who is reconciled to the fact that he must bring in the money, and his wife must run the household with the salary he brings in. Mrs. Shekhar insists that among the 'lower' classes, the husband accepts and welcomes the prospect of a working wife, for he requires her support.

While Dr. Rodriguez has nothing against working

wants to be a woman, and this can only come from being a wife and a mother, he feels.

What Dr. Rodriguez is stressing, therefore, is that "though one may try persistently, one cannot break the natural hormonal structure of man and woman, according to which woman was made for the home, and man for his own biological functions." Dr. Rodriguez feels that "in ur-

dual existence. Mrs. Blossom Rodriguez, a young mother of two growing children, feels that "Motherhood is a career too," and that during the pre-school years at least a mother should be at home twenty-four hours of the day looking after her children. She can always do something at home to bring her talents to the fore. A regular job can be taken up, if she so wishes, once her children start schooling, and are away for the whole day. Mrs. Yvette D'Mello is of the same opinion, for she says, "When children are very tiny they should not be left alone. One can always wait a few years before turning back to a regular job. After all, in spite of full time servants, creches and family care centres the mother cannot have full peace of mind, for none of them can be trusted. Besides, the children of a working mother are not always well brought up."

Mrs. Rodriguez gave me several instances of neglected toddlers, craving the love and attention of their working mothers. "Once these mothers start having children, they can neither run the home efficiently nor serve faithfully at their offices. They constantly turn up late for work and wish to leave early. When the children are sick they want to go on leave. They cannot concentrate on their work, on account of the great strain and tension under which they are working." It is therefore better, she says, for the mother to stay at home during the child's early years, and take up some lucrative hobby or profession in the home itself as a source of additional income. Giving tuitions, taking orders for sewing and dressmaking, freelance journalism are some of the various openings available for the modern housewife.

Mrs. Shekhar, on the other hand, vehemently re-

Continued on page 47

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wives, he hastens to add that "the psychological, social and cultural background must be considered and, however much Women's Lib. has progressed, to a great extent a majority of women find satisfaction and fulfilment from being primarily a wife, a mother and a woman." A woman may strive unceasingly for social equality and may want to do what men do, but psychologically she

ban social circles, lesbianism is very popular among educated working women, because they try to break the hormonal structure of existence." Both these, of course, are very debatable points.

What does the working woman do when she becomes a mother? For it is now that her problems really begin, and she starts to feel the raw side of a

INCOME TAX ARREARS CLEARANCE FORTNIGHT

(1st to 15th February, 1979)



Issued by :

Director of Inspection
(Research, Statistics & Publication)
Income-tax Department,
New Delhi-110 001.

dayp. 78/477

The Income-tax department is observing a Tax Arrears Clearance Fortnight from 1st to 15th February, 1979.

2. If in Your CASE the following items have remained to be given effect to, please MEET or COMMUNICATE to your I.T.O. to enable him to take necessary action immediately.

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(2) Pending applications for re-opening ex-parte assessment (u/s. 146) and rectification of mistakes (u/s. 154 or 155).

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GOOD NEWS... AND BAD

Hidden away in the more obscure corners of newspapers are interesting bits of news of particular significance to women.

MARRIAGE AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT

If we have been thinking that marriage is a process of "sharing" and "growing together", Vice-President B. D. Jatti's recent advice on marriage must indeed lead to second (and archaic?) thoughts!

HUBLI: "My wife was four and I was nine when we were married and since then we have not quarrelled even once," Vice-President B. D. Jatti said. Addressing a gathering in Hukkerimath at Haveri, he said his wife never intervened in his political life and he never intervened in his family affairs, which were the sole responsibility of his wife Sangamma. (Free Press Journal)

Help For Working Women

With the rate of employment among women falling at a shockingly rapid pace, the following item comes as a bit of good news.

CUTTACK: The National Federation of Indian Women has demanded a 25 per cent job reservation for women in government and local self-government establishments, reports PTI. The National Council of the Federation also demanded restoration of the level of women's employment in cotton and jute textiles and to maintain the present level of employment in the pharmaceutical and electronics industry. (The Statesman)

MADRAS: A Rs. 25-lakh scheme for the employment of rural women would be launched in Tamil Nadu in a couple of months, Miss P. T. Saraswathi, Social Welfare Minister, said. Inaugurating a handicrafts exhibition of the Women's India Association in Mylapore to mark the birth centenary of Mrs. Margaret Cousins, the Minister said this would be a cottage industry scheme to help rural women. The State government would encourage spinning, mat weaving and production of items like chalk and candles.

The lot of women labourers has always been an unenviable one. Hardly any facilities are given to them and, almost no steps are taken for their welfare. A recent proposal by the Union Labour Minister would, therefore, if sincerely implemented, go a long way in helping women workers out of their difficulties.

NEW DELHI: A cess on employers to meet the cost of welfare schemes for wo-

men workers was proposed by the Labour Minister, Mr. Ravindra Varma. Opening a one-day conference on the problems of women labourers, the minister emphasized the need for women to eliminate problems of migration, rootlessness, alienation, estrangement and isolation. At the same time, he noted that statutory provisions to help women labourers could be implemented only when the government's efforts were supplemented by constant vigilance by voluntary organisations. (The Times of India)

PROSTITUTES UNITED

A French deputy has called for the reopening of brothels in France. Gaullist deputy Joel de Tac introduced a draft bill in Parliament which gives mayors the right to allow certain establishments to let prostitutes operate on their premises. Brothels have been closed in France since 1946. Prostitutes are tolerated, usually waiting in the street for clients in red-light districts, but they must not solicit. (The Times Of India)

LONDON: The name of the game is naming VIP clients. Call girls and prostitutes in Britain are threatening to play it unless the profession is "de-criminalized". The women of the oldest trade in the world have launched a campaign seeking the abolition of all laws which they say compel prostitutes to live in fear of pimps and the police. It was done at a recent meeting attended by over 200 people—clergymen, social workers, lawyers, feminists and prostitutes. The meeting, presided over by the Baroness Vickers, a prominent women's rights campaigner, decided to send a memorandum to the Home Secretary, Mr. Merlin Rees, asking for the repeal of the term "common prostitute" and the laws operating against them. In seeking a better deal for themselves, the prostitutes have taken a cue from their Madrid sisters, who some time ago countered police harassment by threatening to name their better-known clients, to publish their photographs and to expose their sexual tastes. Their threat had an immediate and desired effect. A callgirl told the London meeting, "The greatest perpetrator is not the prostitute or the pimp, but the establishment which patronizes them as clients. She named the Foreign Office and the Special Branch among those who procure prostitutes. (Free Press Journal Bulletin) The call girl's statement exposes the hollowness of the supercilious attitude adopted by almost everyone towards prostitutes.

Promoting Widow Remarriage

NAGPUR: Two hundred widows, wishing to remarry, will get financial aid from the Maharashtra government during the current financial year under a new scheme to encourage widow remarriages. Announcing this in the Legislative Assembly here, Social Welfare Minister A. S. Kasture told Mr. Y. J. Mohite (Cong.) and others that suitable rules were being framed to decide eligibility for assistance under the scheme. A budgetary provision of Rs. 2 lakhs had already been made, he said. (Indian Express)

Knowing the family and social constraints that even today exist in our country, one tends to wonder how many widows would really come forward for remarriage. However, at least the government is trying.

TO RAPE IS HUMAN?

NAGPUR: A deputy engineer in the building works department of the Wardha Zilla Parishad has been arrested for reportedly molesting the wife of a chowkidar, the Minister of State for Home, Mr. Bhai Vaidya, told the Legislative Assembly. He was making a statement in response to a calling-attention motion given notice of by Mr. P. K. Kurne (CPM). The deputy engineer had confessed his crime and was arrested. A charge-sheet has been filed in the court against him and orders had been issued for his transfer, Mr. Vaidya said. The chowkidar was working in the office of the deputy engineer. According to a complaint filed by the chowkidar's wife with the Wardha police station, the deputy engineer had molested her after entering the house at 9 a.m. with the excuse of meeting her husband. (The Times Of India)

It is horrifying to read that apparently the only punishment the deputy engineer received for his crime was a "transfer". Rape, of course, is never considered a "grave" enough crime. And how could it be, when our very leaders seem to condone it? The Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh, Mr. Kailash Joshi, has already gone on record for his famous statement in the Assembly not too long ago: "To rape is human".

Compiled by Gouri Salvi

I never seem to manage
my hair if I use oil

Jabakusum

Don't be silly

You really can't take
good care of your hair
without oil.

As for me, every night
before going to bed,
I apply Jabakusum on
my hair, comb gently
and tie it.

That keeps my hair
healthy, beautiful and
manageable. I have
no difficulty in
styling my hair as
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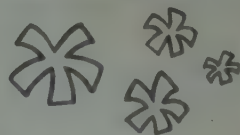
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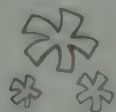


Feel free. Because every time
a woman somewhere pleases
herself with nearness a man
will love her for it.



Juvena for everyday of your
life....

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ART 2016

Continued from page 43

futed the fact that a wife can turn to a regular job once the children have grown up and are able to stand on their own feet. "To get jobs later the age bar comes in," she said. "To get a good job these days is so difficult that it is not an easy thing to give one up without some thought. Most wives these days prefer government posts because they are the most secure. Yet for all government jobs, the required age is specified." Thus giving up a good job and waiting for a few years to start working again is inadvisable, according to Mrs. Shekhar.

Mrs. Shekhar also feels that the children of working mothers are far more independent, because they learn to fend for themselves very early in life, and are not smothered by maternal affection. However, Mrs. D'Mello pointed out, children of working mothers get so used to looking after themselves, that with time their whole attitude towards their parents changes, and they grow defiant. This may again be psycho-

logically interpreted as a subtle form of resentment against the working mother. But here too Mrs. Shekhar is of the opinion that most children are proud, rather than resentful, of their working mothers. Like Mrs. Naik, Mrs. Shekhar feels that in an In-

dian joint family there are always in-laws and grandparents to look after the children so that there is no reason why a wife should not go out to work.

Besides, one is not necessarily a better mother because one is at home the whole day. According

to Mrs. Shekhar, the working mother tends to lavish more care and attention on her children, since she is with them for a short time, as compared to the non-working mother who often takes her children for granted or gets irritated with them because they are constantly under her feet. This, according to Mrs. Rodriguez, however, arises more from a guilt-complex on the part of the working mother, rather than genuine affection.

All said and done then the working wife and mother has become very popular and desirable for various reasons. Most original, however, was the reason given by Mr. Vasant Kudva, a bachelor, who is basically against arranged marriages. Mr. Kudva would prefer a working wife for a reason which is most unusual, mundane and certainly more than a little amusing. He says that he would prefer a working wife, because coming home at the end of the day, he would hate to be dragged out for a walk or to a movie by a bored wife who is waiting anxiously for his return so that she may escape from the seclusion of the four walls of her home.

THE BLAME AND GUILT

The irony is, of course, that all the blame and guilt falls upon the working woman. The working father is accepted without question although surely the bringing up of children is a joint responsibility. It is time both men and women realized that parenting is something two people undertake and that it is not fair that the woman alone should be left "holding the baby", so to say. Many women today choose their careers as carefully and thoughtfully as men. Many of them are doing very well in their jobs and can look forward to a bright future. For such women any interruption of their career is as disastrous as it would be for many a man and if they do decide that their children call for such an interruption, they are making a tremendous sacrifice.

Unfortunately not many people realize this — it is the woman's "duty" after all! In fact, people often talk about the inadvisability of hiring a woman in a key job because "she'll get married and have a baby and leave", without acknowledging that she is forced to leave, because of the lack of an infrastructure that allows her to continue in her job and at the same time be assured that her baby is being well looked after.

In other countries, either the employers or the government have begun to step in and provide this infrastructure. There are day-care centres, there is the system of foster-grandparents where elderly people who have free time and who like children look after the children of working parents for a fee. The latter alternative, especially, is eminently possible in India and there are many others that could be worked out to the advantage of everyone.

A. J.

I WAS A WOMAN FROM THE 'LOST WORLD'

Continued from page 40

After all the tests were over it was time for singing and dancing. What a time we had! Mike got slightly drunk and so did I. We joined other couples in dancing, drinking, and enjoying ourselves.

Mike's new name was "Koraishalee" meaning 'Red Hair'!

So I settled to my life with my 'Koraishalee'.

ANNA'S HUSBAND, MIKE WILSON, SAYS:

Anna is, as far as I can ascertain, the first forest Indian to leave her natural environment and step into the alien culture of the so-called civilized world and survive for ten years.

The intense suffering she has undergone has perhaps come across in her story and I'm sure many readers will feel I am, to a great extent, to blame. Naturally, I plead guilty to this.

However, if justification is needed (and I'm not convinced it is) then Anna's condemnation of our 'rat race' existence says it all. The forest Indian truly believed that we could do no wrong and that our way of life was some magic formula that provided material wealth coupled with a unique wisdom.

No, I don't think Anna's experiences in England should have been avoided or prevented. She has seen for herself, over a ten-year period, just how ludicrous, wasteful and wanton our way of life has become.

More than ever Anna has come to learn that life in the forest, as she knew it, and as I knew it for a time, has much to offer mankind as a whole.

Anna once said to me: "Mike, why is it that I read in history books of great nations that rose and then fell, and all the time, for years, we Indians lived on?"

Why indeed, dear Anna, why indeed!

For Anna the telling of her story, in her way, was very important. She saw it as an opportunity to explain so many things and try to answer the many questions that have been put to her over the years. I am truly pleased that she has had the chance to tell her story.

Anna is my wife, and as such she is for me a unique and wonderful person to whom I have devoted my life.

The future can never be certain for any of us, but as far as is possible my plan for our future together is based on Anna's philosophy, taught to her by her father, that of taking each new day as a new life. Beyond that we cannot see.

However, I do have one firm ambition — to be able to make it possible for Anna to see her father again. To this end I intend to put all my energies.

'Shukutu' is my wife, my life, my love. Her happiness my sole ambition. God willing, she will find some happiness.

BOMBAY

"Mankind owes it to every child born, the basic joys of life, proper clothing, adequate nutrition and a sense of belonging to a family," said Mrs. Clarice D'Souza, Chairman of the Indian Association for the Promotion of Adoption, while addressing a meeting of the Rotary Club of Bombay.

Mrs. D'Souza, whose topic was "Somewhere a Child is Waiting", described the child welfare institutions as "necessary evils" and said that "the attitude of the staff in most of these institutions was far from humane."

"The Indian Association for Promotion of Adoption which came into existence eight years ago, has been fighting for uniformity in the laws regarding adoption so that all communi-

ties could benefit equally," Mrs. D'Souza concluded.

Mr. H. M. Patel, Union Finance Minister, was the chief guest at the Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Lotus Trust's Bapnu Ghar, which is managed by the Maharashtra State Women's Council. In his speech, Mr. Patel paid tributes to the late Mr. Manu Subedar, founder of the Lotus Trust.

Mrs. Usha D. Sathe, president of the Council, welcomed the guests and Miss Ziya Maskati, chairman of the Bapnu Ghar Committee, reviewed the activities of Bapnu Ghar. Mrs. Zeena Sorabjee, a trustee of the Lotus Trust, also spoke on the occasion.

Prof. Sadanand Varde, Maharashtra's Minister of Education, was the chief guest at the SNDT University's annual convocation function. In his convocation address, Prof. Varde said, that

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

as "a democrat and a socialist" he was committed to the cause of women's education, which unfortunately has remained a predominantly urban and upper-class affair. He also spoke about "our lop-sided value system" which in turn influenced education and made it unrelated to our socio-economic needs. "There should be a proper mingling of our rural reality and the social and physical sciences," he added.

Mona Rai held her first exhibition in Bombay at the Gallery Chemould. This young painter from Delhi did her MA in Psychology and Art and trained for five years at the Triveni Kala Sangam, Delhi. She teaches child

art at the Sangam. Her only other solo exhibition was in Delhi, in 1972. She has participated in national exhibitions in 74, 75, 76, and 77. She is a founder member of the "New Group". Her exhibition included coloured inks and pastels and oil paintings.

A Foundation Trust is being set up in memory of the late Hamid Sayani, well-known figure in the world of mass media. The objective of the Hamid Sayani Foundation will be to promote social consciousness and professional excellence in the field of mass communication, by giving scholarships to outstanding students doing research, and organising seminars, workshops, festi-



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1. The Governor of Maharashtra and Mrs. Sadiq Ali gave away the awards at the International Tourism Council's exhibition held in Bombay. They are seen at the Oberoi-Sheraton Pavilion, with, from left, Mr. Desai, hon. gen. sec., Mrs. P. F. Dotivala, chairman, Exhibition Committee, Mr. Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan, founder president of the Council, Miss Eduljee and Mr. Oberoi of the Sheraton and Mrs. Hutoxi Irani, hon. gen. sec. of the Council.

2. Seen at Radhika Narayan's Bharata Natyam recital held in Bombay in aid of the Bharathi Kala Manram's building fund, are from left, Prof. T. V. Ramanujam, Sushil Kumar Shinde, Minister for Tourism & Labour, Govt. of Maharashtra (standing), Mr. S. Sankaran, president of the Manram, film artiste Nutan, Radhika Narayan and Mr. S. Raman, secretary of the Manram.

3. Seen at the charity ball organised by the Madras Round Table No. 1 at the Taj Coromandel Hotel, are from left, Mrs. Bina Ravikrishnan, Dr. Huebener, Consul General for the Federal Republic of Germany Mrs. Huebener, Miss Violet, Round Table Queen, Mr. Nithyanand, Round Table Prince and Mr. K. P. Ravikrishnan, chairman, Madras Round Table No. 1.

vals and competitions. The Foundation's scope will include radio, TV, theatre and rural communication, with a stress on cinema, which used to be one of Hamid Sayani's main interests. "Hungama Bombay Ishtyle", a Children's Film Society film which has been directed by Siraj-Ayesha Sayani, is being premiered by the Foundation, on February 7, 1979, to raise money for the Trust Fund.

DELHI

Mr. L. K. Advani, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, hosted a dinner for Film Festival delegates and members of the Jury of the Seventh International Film Festival, at the Parliament House Annexe. Producers, directors, film artistes and critics from all film centres of the world attended. The Indian

ambassadors to the countries participating in the International Film Festival along with other members of the diplomatic corps were also present.

CALCUTTA

Max Mueller Bhavan and Jazz India sponsored 'Embryo', a rock group widely acclaimed by critics.

The quartet consisted of C. Burchard (vibraphone, percussion and vocal) Roman Bunka (guitar, percussion and vocal), Uve Muellerich (bass) and Michael Wehmeyer (key board). Their mixing of tape with live sound was most effective and the audience reacted with enthusiastic abandon.

The colourful world of children was unfolded to adult eyes,

at the Shishu Rangmahal, the children's very own theatre, when the Children's Little Theatre group held its 28th festival.

The children acted, danced and sang their way through plays and ballets drawn from fairy tales, fables, animal stories, adventure tales and episodes from Indian epics. A new feature was the Rhyme Plays for the tiny tots. Six hundred children took part in the 16-day festival.

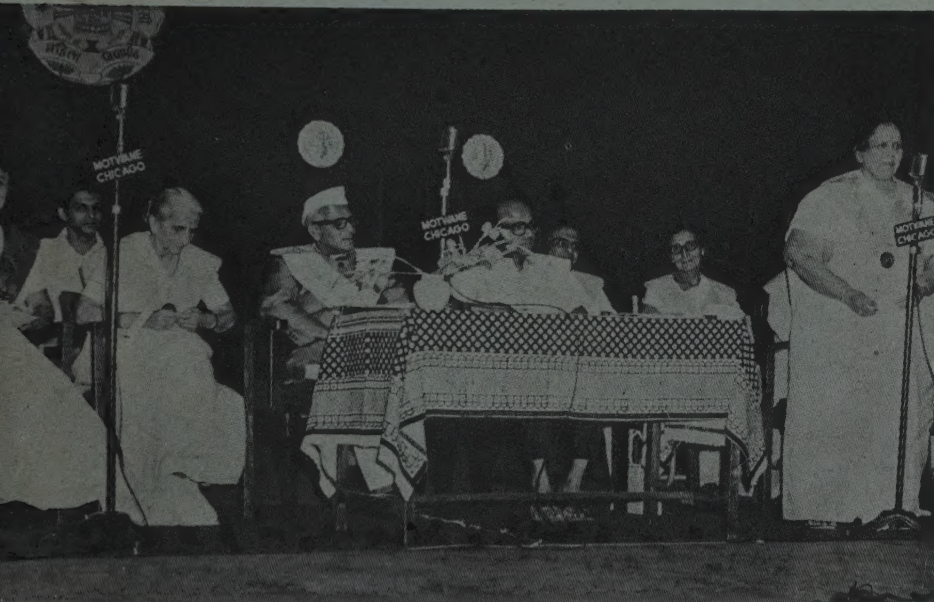
CHANDIGARH

The Department of Cultural Affairs, Haryana, felicitated Pandit Jasraj at the state-level function organised at Tagore Theatre, Chandigarh. Pandit Jasraj was given a scroll of honour, a cash award of Rs. 1000 and a citation. The government also conferred on him the title of "Sangeet Martand". The title and

the other awards were presented to him by Mrs. Gurbinder Kaur Brar, wife of the Governor of Haryana. Earlier, Mr. S. Y. Quraishi, Director, Cultural Affairs, Haryana, introduced him to the audience.

MEERUT

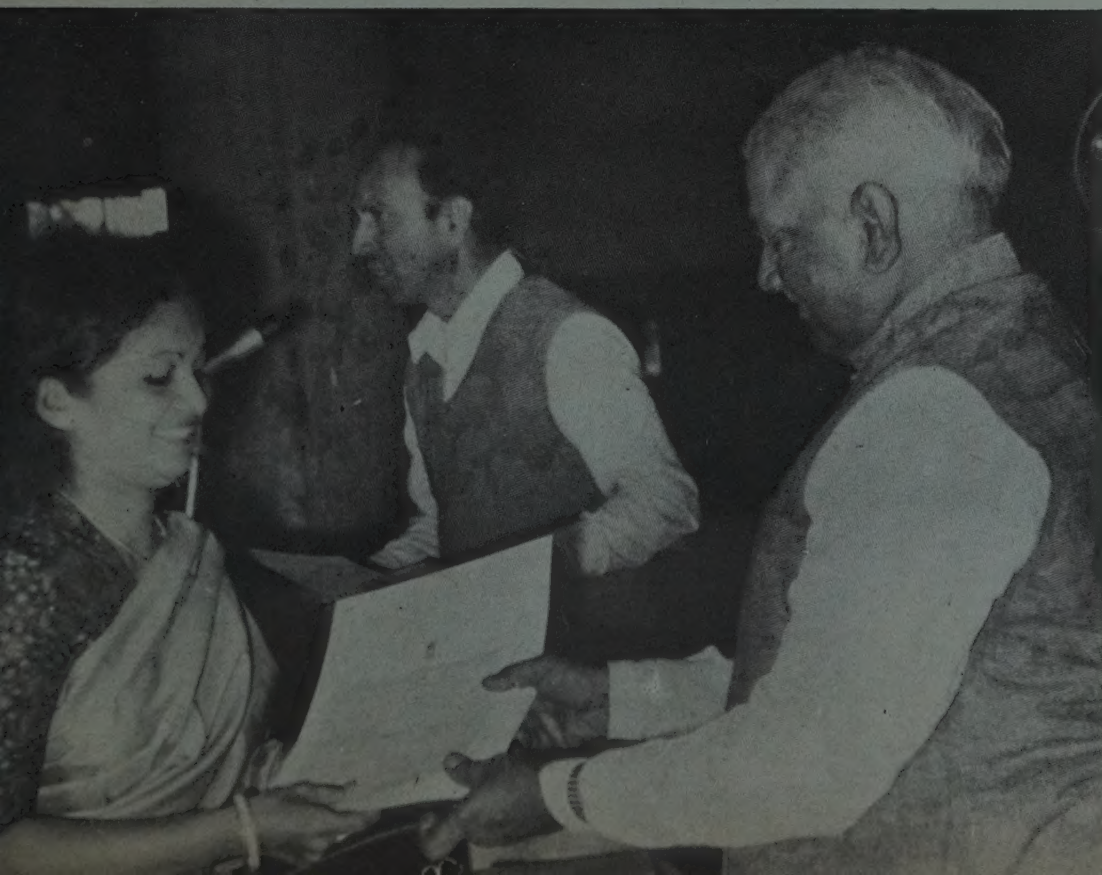
At the first Botanical Conference held at Meerut recently, the participants discussed the view that women were the earliest cultivators. About 10,000 years ago, when men went out hunting for food, women tried to extract useful plants from the wild flora for cultivation. Many tribals too share this belief and in Arunachal, at the famous Dono-polo temple, there is an image of a woman who is believed to have been the first person to have cultivated rice.



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4. Dr. Madhuri Shah, Vice-Chancellor of the SNDT Women's University, Bombay, introduces the chief guest at the University's annual convocation. Seated from left are: Mrs. K. H. Bhansali, Registrar of the University, Mrs. Sharda Divan, ex-Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra and Chancellor of the University, chief guest Prof. Sadanand Varde, State Education Minister, and Mrs. Mani Kamerkar, Principal, Nutan Mahila College.

5. Mr. Mr. H. M. Patel, Union Finance Minister, (at the mike) inaugurated the silver jubilee celebrations of Lotus Trust's Bapnu Ghar, run by the Maharashtra State Women's Council. Seen with him, are, from left, Mrs. D. Bulsara, hon. treasurer, M.S.W.C., Mrs. Z. Sorabjee, trustee, Lotus Trust, Mrs. T. H. J. Taleyarkhan, vice-pres., Mrs. U. D. Sathe, pres., Mr. N. Palkhivala, chairman, Lotus Trust, Miss Z. Maskati, chairman, Bapnu Ghar, Mrs. T. Mehta, hon. treasurer and Mrs. Ranjana Khanorkar, hon. sec., Bapnu Ghar.

6. Miss Gita Shah receives a prize for her painting 'Art Gallery' from Mr. Popatlal Shah, Gujarat's Home Minister at the 19th Gujarat State Art Exhibition held at the Ahmedabad Museum.

John Naylor

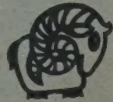
IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

There is a strong accent on travel, this linked with friendship and romance. Fresh faces, places, ideas and tactics will tend to be luckier to you than the old and familiar. As an Aquarian, you like the new and novel usually, so give full rein to your penchant for exploration and experimentation. However, be careful not to involve yourself in too many lost causes — or with people you know will not be acceptable to your friends and family. You must draw a fine line between the stimulation of fresh ideas and the too 'off-beat'. You'll be short of money, probably, between May and September but late 1979/early 1980 should see you on a new path to success.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

Everything is working in your favour — but you might not realise it just yet. If you want more adventure and action just be patient for a little longer. This will be a lucky week and you will make a new friend who brings plenty of sparkle to your scene.



TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

Don't let shyness or a lack of confidence hold you back. Your difficulties of the recent past are over and there are good opportunities in both business and personal life for some time ahead.



GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

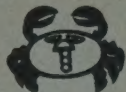
As this week begins, so your little problems should fade. Your love life is due to get a boost and your popularity will rise in social life, also with working colleagues. More money too but don't be in a hurry to spend.



CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

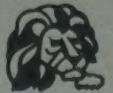
Not like you, but you will be in a fickle mood this week. Expect some temperament from others too — especially the man in your life. As a general rule, people won't be quite what they seem just now so cling to the tried and trusted. Be inclined to curb your spending for a time.



LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

Life and people may make you edgy for a time, moody and anxious about more than one aspect of current activities. Be positive, for your future pattern is very promising; you will merely have some minor problems to adjust to for a few weeks.



VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

A helpful week for both money matters and social life, with some happy meetings, some unusual outings, a minor opportunity occurring. A friend will confide in you but make sure you don't give away her confidences later — by accident.



LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

You might get the urge to spread your wings — like leaving behind some long-standing ambitions and breaking away from a person who is somewhat demanding. It is a good idea to be more independent but don't make a rash move, consider all aspects of a given situation. If not already involved romantically, you soon will be.



SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

No need to fret if that message doesn't arrive — it will, after the Full Moon next week — if not before. You may be missing someone, but this is a temporary situation, so be sociable, get out and about, join group outings. Money matters will get a special boost later in February.



SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Helpful stars affect all you do and a letter arriving unexpectedly gives you something great to look forward to. Communication in all its forms is the key to success, so get into everything that's going on.



CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

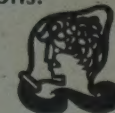
Venus, planet of love and happiness, is in your sign and brings an affectionate atmosphere, with new chances in romance, if single. A generally lucky time, with minor strokes of good fortune to cheer you and your popularity high in all directions.



AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

You are in an 'opportunity' phase, so keep alert to what is happening around you. Hopes and wishes can reach fruition if you work with your helpful stars. Mars in your sign will give you added energy and enthusiasm.



PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 20)

Get out and about and be friendly, push your luck and your personality. You are heading into a progressive few weeks when several aspects of your affairs will show improvement. This week is particularly good for health and beauty matters.



TRUE CONFESSION

Continued from page 29

there are many such institutions in the country. Then we can forget about him."

"Forget about him?" I cried angrily. "How can we do that? I spend all my time thinking up ways to help him make the most of his latent talents. There is recognition in his eyes... there is love..."

"You imagine it all. He is nothing but a lump of flesh. A residential boarding school for the mentally impaired is the best place for him. Very soon I will be able to afford it too."

"Jahan, he is not mentally impaired. His mind is alive and active, don't you see?"

"Just because some half-baked doctor said it? I believe the evidence of my eyes. There is imbecile written all over him, which you as a mother are too blind to see."

So our arguments went, round and round. Always unresolved. All day long. In the nights we tried to make a peace of sorts with our love.

The strain told on both of us and for no reason at all, I found myself dissolving into sudden tears during Jahan's absence. One day, I discovered I was pregnant. I didn't know what effect this would have on Jahan. I hoped it would lead to a resurrection of the old consideration he had shown during my first pregnancy. My hopes soared. Maybe we could still make our marriage work, I thought. Perhaps a normal child would be balm to all the strain.

His reaction was quite contrary.

"Get an abortion done at once," he said. I was shocked. "Jahan, you can't mean it."

"I mean it. We can't risk another child with our close blood relationship."

"Just because one child is handicapped doesn't mean..."

"Either you get an abortion like I say or else..."

I could not escape the open threat in his voice.

"Or you will divorce me? Is that it?"

"I'm glad you are so astute. We can't pretend forever, can we, that we have a whale of a time in the marriage bed?"

I decided to have the child. Even at the cost of my marriage. Maybe I had too much humanity. Or perhaps I wanted to prove to myself that I could forge a normal healthy offspring.

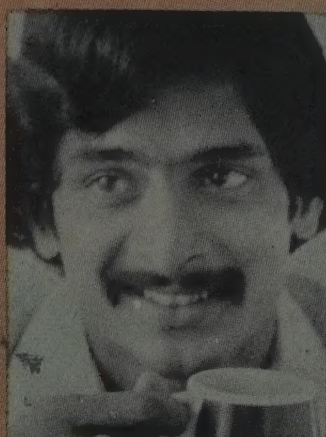
I had a daughter seven and a half months later, whom Jahan has not set eyes on. He is abroad somewhere today, making a career for himself after the divorce came through. My son Amin is progressing satisfactorily in a school for spastic children. I give him every attention because my daughter is beautiful, bright and self-sufficient in the manner of all normal children, and hence not demanding too much of my time. I stay with my parents and I have a well-paid job, which is paradise after what I have been through.

"Bru: it's No.1 in taste & flavour"

Ask your neighbour. Ask any coffee lover.



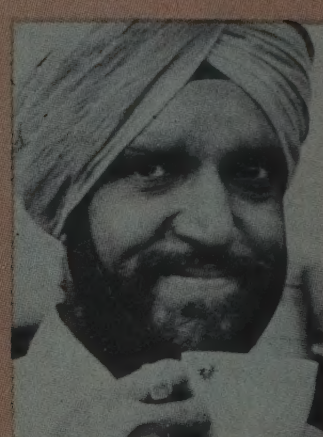
Saswati Guha Thakurtha, T.V. Announcer. A cup of strong Bru helps me through trying programmes.



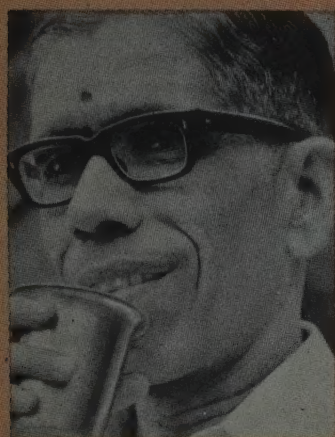
T.V. Vijay Kumar Rao, Cricketer. Nothing to beat ground coffee flavour. That's why I prefer Bru.



Sushila Ravindranath, Housewife. My family is so used to Bru. Besides it helps my budget.



Pritam Singh Khanna, Executive. I prefer a good strong cup of coffee that's why I like Bru.



Mr. Krishna Murthy, Principal. A dabba of rich, steaming Bru is the way I like coffee.



Prema Dutt, P.R.O. In my job, meeting people over a cup of Bru can be relaxing.

To all lovers of good coffee

Bru's unique taste has won the appreciation of coffee lovers throughout India. Because Bru is just right—in taste, flavour and strength.

**Bru: Even its price is right.
Ask any coffee lover.**



**Little children
are just meant to love and love again**



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the tastier
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Full of the delicious nourishment
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India's largest selling biscuit—a world-award winner.